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SMETHPORT, PA.

Their High Noses.

He wore sheep-skin mittens, had his pants in his boots, and he covered his horses with old pieces of rag carpet, and entered a hardware store and asked to look at a sheet-iron stove. He was shown several patterns, one after the other, but none seemed to exactly suit his ideas.

"I have shown you every style of parlor stove on sale by any house in Detroit," said the dealer as they stood before this last one.

"Yes, I s'pose so, but none o' them quite fills the bill," was the dubious answer.

"Why not? Aren't they big enough, tall enough, handsome enough, or what is the trouble?"

"Waal, I'll tell you," slowly replied the would-be customer. "The old woman she takes a story paper, and her head is chock full of such names as Evangeline, Emmeline, Maud, Arabella and Riverbell. The gals they read Shakespeare, and they are all the while talking about Hamlet, Claudius, Petruchio, Romeo, and so on. I'm kinder posted up on astronomy myself, and I'm all the time thinkin' about Venus, Mars, Saturn and Jupiter. Now, you havn't got a stove in the lot with a more romantic name than 'Ajax,' and just imagine folks like us sittin' around a stove with a ping name like that!"

He thought he'd look further, and as he unhitched his team he called out:

"Whoa, now, Lady Estella—stand around there, Othello!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The man who said he had just got out of a tight place had been seen a few minutes before wiping his mouth in a drinking saloon.

The Morning Street.

BY JOHN JAMES PLATT.

Alone I walk the morning street,
Fill'd with the silence vague and sweet;
All seems a strange, as still, as dead
As if unnumber'd years had fled,
Letting the noisy Babel lie
Breathless and dumb against the sky;
The light wind walks with me alone
Where the hot day flame-like was blown,
Where the wheels roar'd, the dust was beat;
The dew is in the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
Along this mighty corridor
While the moon shines?—the hurrying crowd
Whose footsteps make the city loud—
The myriad feet—hearts that beat
No more in the deserted street?
Those footsteps in their dreaming maze
Crode the cockle's of forgotten days;
Those faces brighten from the years
In rising suns long set in tears;
Those hearts—far in the past they beat,
Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's prime gray,
Lost in some desert far from Time,
Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
Have only sifted sand and dew—
Yet a mysterious hand of man
Lying on all the haunted plan,
The passions of the human heart
Quickening the marble breast of Art—
Were not more strange to one who first
Upon its ghostly silence burst
Than this vast quiet, where the tide
Of life upheav'd on either side,
Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
Breaks through the charmed solitude;
This silent stone, to music won,
Shall murmur to the rising sun;
The busy places dim and beat,
Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet;
The Arachne-threads of purpose stream
Unseen within the morning gleam;
The life shall move, the death be plain;
The bridal throng, the funeral train,
Together face to face shall meet
And pass within the morning street.

SMALL EXPECTATIONS.

It is generally supposed by our family, and those who know us well, that my Uncle Buncle would "leave me something" at his demise. In fact, I thought so myself. Our reasons for this belief being these:

First. When I was a little girl, though he took no notice whatever of other little girls, he always patted me on the head when we met, and said: "Ha, ha! here you are, Hetty."

Secondly. When I was a big girl, and went to school, he always chucked me under the chin on holiday occasions, and inquired: "Well, what are they teaching you, Hetty?"

Thirdly. When I had grown to be a woman, he established the following form of greeting as a permanent thing: "H'm! how do you do?"

Fourthly. He never took notice of any one else in so many words, but merely nodded to all other mortals.

Fifthly. When I was married, he presented me with an antediluvian tortoise shell comb, once the property of the late Mrs. Buncle, and of a preposterous fashion, said to have been in vogue at a remote date, the back half a foot high, and elaborately carved. As he disapproved of weddings generally, and never before had been known to give the bride anything but a scolding, this was really something to build upon—though, by the way, I offended him sorely by refusing to wear the horrible thing to the altar upon my wedding day.

Now of course I did not wish Uncle Buncle to die, nor could I have done so had I been certain that, on his decease I should have become a millionaire; still we know that all flesh is mortal, and Uncle Buncle was like the rest of the world in this respect; and when he did depart, it would be a comfort to be the means of presenting Charlie with six thousand pounds.

When we moved to our charming little cottage at Barley Hill, I decided that when Uncle Buncle visited us, I would make him so comfortable that the matter would be quite settled. And, in fact, the spare room was furnished with an eye to his peculiar tastes, and a large amount of pepper was laid in with which to season his favorite dishes. However, Uncle Buncle declined our invitations persistently; and, having kept our spare room empty for him a long while, we at last informed the rest of our friends who had promised to visit us that we were anxious for their company.

We certainly were. Nothing could have pleased us better than that they should have arrived in a body on one day. But, alas! Barley Hill Cottage had a few disadvantages; among them the fact that there were but four rooms and a bath room—with which, by the way, we had had such an indescribable amount of trouble, on account of our faulty plumbing, that we wished that modern convenience was not in our possession.

Consequently, when one day we had the pleasure of greeting the Misses Jones, the Misses Brown and their mamma, Cousin Clarissa and Mrs. Twit's Miranda Jane, aged nine, we were puzzled. However, necessity is the mother of invention. We apologized to the Misses Brown and their mamma for putting them all three together into the spare room. We resigned ours without a murmur to the Misses Jones. We begged Cousin Clarissa to excuse us for giving her the sofa bedstead in the parlor, and made a couch with three chairs and a bolster for Miranda Jane in a corner cupboard. Then Charlie improvised a bed over the bath; and after draping the machinery with curtains, and making up a valance for the side of the bath, I really felt quite proud of our handiwork. And we had fairly began to enjoy ourselves among our friends, when late one warm afternoon some one rapped at the door, and I was greeted with, "H'm!" and how do you do?"

It was Uncle Buncle, and he had come to stay!

"Delighted," I gasped.

"Charmed to see you, sir," said Charlie.

Then we exchanged glances, and each mutely asked the other, "Where shall we put him?"

Echo answered, "Where?"

"So glad you've come," I said again.

Uncle Buncle answered, "Thanks." He had seized upon this one fashionable variation with advidity, because it seemed to do away with the personal politeness involved in the words, "Thank you."

"Thanks. Like to go to my room at once—wash my hands."

His room—he must be taken somewhere; not to the spare bedroom, for there Mrs. Jones and daughter were dressing for dinner, nor to ours, for there the Misses Brown were crimping their tresses. So perforce I led him to the bath-room, and there left him to sacrifice to the graces.

"Remarkable bedstead that of yours," he said, when he returned to us. "Some new patent, I suppose. Very ricketty, generally, those new patents. Old fashioned things much the best—much. However, curtains all very well—like old times. Ah, everything dreadfully changed—dreadfully!"

To which we, the guilty parties, answered only by blushes.

That night Uncle Buncle slept upon our couch, and we sat up in the kitchen. We bore it very well for a while; but finally, maddened with want of sleep, Charlie, supporting his aching head, inquired of me in a plaintive whine, "Why didn't you kick the old brute out, Hetty?"

"Don't, dear," I pleaded. "I know it's very uncomfortable; but still, though he is rough and unpleasant, think of the six thousand pounds!"

"Nonsense!" said Charlie. "He'll outlive us; look at his constitution. A crusty old curmudgeon, without a civil word for any one."

"My dear," I remonstrated, "don't speak so loud. Of course we are suffering on these hard chairs, but think of the beds of down six thousand pounds will buy! Don't be angry. I think I shall wear the comb while uncle stays."

"The what?" asked Charlie.

"The comb he gave me," I said.

"You shan't put the hideous thing on your head," said Charlie.

"Six thou—" I began.

"Six thousand racks and thumbscrews! You may enjoy sitting up all night on a kitchen chair for an old fellow who may, or may not, choose to leave you something when he dies," said Charlie; "I don't. He asked me not to smoke this evening, too!"

And I never felt so sorry for any one as I did for that poor fellow, with his hair all tossed about, his eyelids heavy with sleep, his feet on one chair, and his head against the side of the mantelpiece; but, in spite of all, I resolved that Uncle Buncle should stay as long as he chose—yes, stay, though we slept in the coal cellar, or did not sleep at all; for think of my joy when, some time in our life—same time when it was, perhaps, most wanted—I should fly into Charlie's arms, and say to him: "My dear, you are worth six thousand pounds; and I have won it for you by never allowing myself to be put out by Uncle Buncle!"

The next morning I wore my gigantic comb. The Misses Jones giggled, and Miss Brown laughed outright. No matter; Uncle Buncle's good-will was worth more than anything else. I bore their smiles like a martyr, and only fretted because, after all, my uncle did not look perfectly satisfied. On the contrary, although he had a habit of scowling, I had never seen him scowl so much as he did that morning. He sneered at the milk, and scoffed at the butter, poohpoohed the rolls and described to us, with his mouth full, breakfasts which he had eaten elsewhere, which were what breakfasts ought to be; and, over and anon, he cast towards my unhappy self a glance of inexplicable disapproval.

However, he stayed with us through the week, growing more ill-tempered as time passed on. I shall never forget that week—the weary nights during which we tried to take naps on chairs, or reposed on the kitchen table—the humiliation and self-contempt I suffered when I permitted myself to be scolded Charlie to be snubbed, and our guests to be sneered at by Uncle Buncle—the persistency with which I wore that awful comb—the things I said that I did not mean—the manner in which I abused myself, slaved myself, and suppressed myself. I shut up the house at nine to please Uncle Buncle. I locked up the piano for the same reason. I did it all, not for love of him, or respect for him, but because of his six thousand pounds.

Dear Charlie, who worked so hard, and was so kind to me, and so tender of me, might some day have reason to rejoice that he had married poor little me.

At last, one evening, Uncle Buncle said, as he took his bedroom candle: "Shall go to town to-morrow. Air here don't agree with me;" and vanished without so much as a nod.

"Charlie," I said, as I accommodated myself to circumstances on the kitchen dresser, with my waterproof cloak around me and rag bag under my head; "try to bear up this one night longer. After all, it is worth it."

"Mark my words," said Charlie, from the window sill, with his big great overcoat for a pillow; "mark my words, Hetty, you'll never get anything but rudeness from that old fellow."

"And mark my words, Charlie," I said; "this will happen. After we've struggled on, perhaps to middle age, and begin to feel as though we should always be poor, one day—you know he's seventy now—Uncle Buncle will leave this world for a better."

"I don't know," said Charlie, doubtfully.

"And we," I went on, "will be sorry. But nevertheless——"

"No humbug, Hetty," said Charlie.

"I shall be sorry." I said; "but nevertheless we'll not grieve bitterly, of course."

"Of course not," said Charlie.

"And we'll sit talking over the news, when some one will inquire for you; and being shown in, will prove to be Uncle Buncle's lawyer, who will say: "Sir, it is my duty to inform you that my lamented client, Mr. Buncle, prior to his decease, signed a will which leaves all his fortune to your wife, his niece."

There I paused.

"What is that?" cried Charlie.

"Oh, what is it?" I echoed.

"Help!" screamed Uncle Buncle's voice. "Fire! Murder! Help! help!"

"Oh! Police!" screamed Mrs. Jones.

"Somebody! somebody!" cried Mrs. Brown.

"Cousin Charlie!" screamed Cousin Clarissa from the sofa, "your poor Uncle Buncle is being murdered!"

"Ow! ow! Oo-o-w!" cried Miranda Jane from the store-room.

And above it all we heard a sound as of many waters.

"What is it, love?" I asked. "What can have happened?"

"That confounded pipe has burst again," said Charlie, "and Uncle Buncle is drowning in the bath-room!"

In a moment I comprehended all. The Barley Hillites were proud of having a good provision of water from Barley river throughout the town. But the arrangements for the supply had not been of the first order, and the consequences was that every house had been flooded in turn, that the main street had been inundated twice, and the reservoir burst as often. At this unfortunate moment, when Uncle Buncle reposed in the deceitful arms of the bath, without an idea of his danger, the pipe above his head had given way, and the flood of water poured itself out upon him. The door was locked inside. We heard him sputtering and swearing. In our agitation, we could do nothing but pound upon the panels and implore him to come out.

At last he appeared wrapped in a drenched dressing gown, scowling, stamping, howling, half mad with rage, and shivering with cold, snatched a lamp from my hand, and dived into the room again. We heard the bed go flop into the water; we heard the pillows follow it. Our deception was discovered.

"By George!" yelled Uncle Buncle in the voice of a sea captain in a storm—"by George! they've put me to sleep in the bath!"

From that time until he stepped into the train next morning, he vouchsafed us no other word. And from that time we never saw or heard from him again. When he died, however, we were unexpectedly summoned to the reading of his will, as being parties mentioned therein. We went. The will left the bulk of the property to a hospital; and we were mentioned thus:

"And I desire it to be known by all interested, that this will, which I, being in my right mind, have signed and attested, makes null and void a former one in which I had made my niece, Mrs. Hetty Hope, born Hopkins, my sole heiress. The reasons for her disinheritance being these; Firstly, she did for a week's time disrespectfully, ungratefully, indecently, and by infamous deception, cause me to sleep in a bath, to the great detriment of my health and nervous system; and secondly, she proved her extravagance by wearing on ordinary occasions, and while occupied at household work, a certain tortoise shell comb which I presented to her, and which the late Mrs. Buncle, a pattern woman in every respect, never wore save at weddings and funerals. In consequence, I bequeath to the same Mrs. Hetty Hope, born Hopkins, only the expression of my indignation."

Strange Noises.

On a distant island in the Bay of Bengal, according to a German scientific journal, there is a phenomenon known as the Barisal Guns, which is often heard at the beginning of rain, and is like the sound of firing of cannon. It seems to have no connection with the season, and sometimes comes from the north, sometimes from the south or southwest. Mr. Beveridge, who has collected some data on the subject, comes to the conclusion that these sounds are atmospheric and connected in some way with electricity. Mr. Horne, in his report on the villages of the Himalayas, describes exceedingly powerful noises heard in the early morning among the highest mountain peaks, which can neither be ascribed to avalanches, nor be otherwise explained by the natives. Above the town of Koimbator, in Madras, at an elevation of 4,000 feet, is a pond from which the Lirivani springs, and which the natives carefully shun, because frightful noises rise out of it and roll away among the hills. The pond is very deep. Some of the phenomena may be of electric, some of volcanic, nature.

A Change of Fortune.

A remarkable change of fortune, both good and bad, is reported from Cologne, Germany. In 1852 two young communists, Becker and Burgers, after a trial in which all Germany was interested, were sentenced to six years' imprisonment, and served out their time. The three chief witnesses against them were a police inspector, a constable and a lieutenant in the army. The lieutenant afterward abused a trust, ran away and finally shot himself; the police inspector also committed suicide; and the constable, though still living, is broken down in health and poor. Of the two criminals, Becker is now Mayor of Cologne and a member of the Prussian House of Peers, and Burgers is a member of the Lower House and is highly esteemed.

"Join at Once."

A story is going the rounds (says the Bombay *Gazette*) which is too good to be lost. A young sub-lieutenant left his regiment a short time ago on sick leave, and put up at the best hotel not a hundred miles from Poonah, where he was immediately smitten by the attractions of a lovely maiden who was staying there. He proposed, was accepted, and the happy day was fixed. The colonel, however, disapproved of sub-lieutenants getting married, and particularly of the marriage of the sub in question. As he happened to be a friend of the young man's father, he thought to prevent the union of the fond couple by sending a peremptory telegram couched in the following words: "Join at once."

The son of Mars was in despair. He presented himself before his intended with the fatal missive in his hand and anything but a look of pleasure in his countenance; but the lady was equal to the occasion. With a blush of maiden simplicity and virgin innocence she cast her eyes on the ground and remarked:

"Dear me! I'm glad your colonel approves of the match; but what a hurry he is in! I don't think I can get ready so soon, but I'll do my best, because, of course, love, the command of your colonel must be obeyed."

The young warrior was puzzled.

"Don't you see, my darling," he said, "that this telegram puts a stopper on our plans?" "You don't seem to understand the telegram. He says peremptorily, 'Join at once.'"

The lady's blushes redoubled, but with a look of arch simplicity she raised her lovely eyes to her *fiance* and replied:

"It is you, my darling, who don't seem to understand it. Your colonel says plainly, 'Join at once,' by which he of course means get married immediately. What else can he possibly mean?"

A look of intelligence replaced the air of bewilderment in the young hero's classic features, and bestowing a regular fusillade of chaste salutes on her rosy lips, he accepted the explanation, and was enabled to answer the colonel's telegram in forty-eight hours afterward in these words:

"Your orders are obeyed. We were joined at once."

Tales of Two Brooklyn Cats.

A resident of Charles street, Brooklyn, N. Y., while recently breaking up a barrel for kindling, gave it a violent blow with the axe that drove one of the staves out, striking squarely between the eyes a cat that was standing a couple of feet away. The blow was so forcible and so precisely delivered that both of the poor animal's eyes were started out of its head and left hanging on its cheeks. It could not be caught and killed, as the owner was desirous of doing, but three days later a neighbor captured it, and, having an idea that perhaps the animal's sight could be saved, with rude surgery put the eyes back into their sockets. Singular as it may seem, though one eye is hopelessly gone, the other is feebly sensitive to an object placed before it suddenly, and there are hopes that the cat will recover.

The other Brooklyn cat's habitat is the corner of Hicks and Cranberry streets, which also is the habitat of a tribe of very noisy boys. One of their latest manifestations was the organization of an amateur fire company, having for an engine a tin pail full of coals in a baby carriage. This was hurried toward an imaginary fire with such a demoniac clangor and yelling that the cat—kitten, rather—thinking the end of the world had come, inflated her tail and scampered with much agility to a lofty limb of a tree, where she remained for three days and three nights without venturing to move, completely paralyzed with terror. At last her humane boy-owner, at the risk of his neck, clambered up and shook her from the limb, whereupon she descended as precipitately as she had mounted, struck a 2:14 gait for Fulton street and Albany avenue, and has not since been seen or heard of.

Plenty of Bullets, But No Blood.

The San Francisco brokers seem to be poor marksmen. Don Carlos Butterfield and John Sevenoaks met in an elevator car, after quarreling over a mining speculation. "Don," said Sevenoaks, very placidly, "you're the very man I want to kill, but if you ain't heeled I won't shoot you. I don't want to shoot an unarmed man." Don Carlos remarked that he didn't care about being killed just then, and threw up his hand. The trigger was pulled, but as the hammer fell on the other man's thumb there was no blood shed. They separated in the lower corridor, Sevenoaks requesting his rival to arm himself and threatening to shoot him at the next meeting, or, in other words, to draw on him at sight. The next morning they met on the stairway of the stock exchange and each fired several shots, chipping the stone and puncturing the walls, but not hitting the other man. There was a good deal of the Blank-blank business, which is so interesting in the far Western life, albeit so monotonous in literature, and finally they were taken out during one of the early pauses in their profanity and presented to the police.—*New York Tribune.*

A Russian Newspaper Man.

The most eminent journalist in Russia is M. Katkoff, a friend of the czar and a pet of the Panslavist party. He conducts the Moscow *Gazette*, a journal controlled by the University of Moscow. He has hired it on a lease of twelve years in consideration of the annual payment of nearly $60,000, an enormous rental, but as the paper has a circulation of 40,000 copies and a monopoly of advertising in the city, he is making a fortune out of it.

A REPORTER'S ADVENTURE.

How a New York Reporter Obtained Admission to the Vanderbilt Wedding—Locked Up in a Closet.

A New York correspondent tells the following story of a reporter's adventure at the Vanderbilt wedding: The Vanderbilt wedding, at which the father's present to the bride is said to have been $1,000,000, was a nine days' wonder, and let me relate an interesting incident of journalistic enterprise connected therewith. The Vanderbilts were resolved that the gathering at the house, and the reception which should follow the ceremony, should be as exclusive as cards of invitation and watchful guardians in livery could make it, so the strictest orders were given to admit no reporters or persons who resembled reporters, and the keenest watch was kept all day lest any of these sharp-eyed gentry should gain admission to the house even to see the decorations. From a certain newspaper office—I shall not say which one—there issued forth in the afternoon a young man who had received orders to penetrate into the Vanderbilt mansion or perish in the attempt, for he need expect no quarter if he returned without having succeeded. This young man was sore perplexed, but as he walked he thought and thought, and after an hour or two of puzzled thinking he hit it at last. He didn't say "Eureka." Reporters never talk old-fashioned Greek. If he said anything it was probably in the way of modern brimestone dialect. He approached the Vanderbilt mansion, ascended the steps, rang the bell with some inward palpitation of the heart at the risk he might be running, and boldly confronted the suspicious menial. But the door swung wide open, when he glibly informed the man in the livery that he was the florist's clerk, and that he had been sent around to make a slight change in one of the baskets. The florist had just received a new lot of calla lilies, and wished to substitute them for those already in the baskets. He was allowed to go in, and walked through the spacious parlors, where he noted a hundred things with his quick reporter's eyes, pretending to examine the baskets closely and critically, and took two or three lilies from one of them. Then he left, promising to return shortly.

Did he then go off and spend his substance on extra beautiful lilies? Not a bit of it. This young man was economical as well as enterprising, and as cool in the hour of triumph as in that of trial. He took a few minutes' walk and came back to the house with the very same lilies, and was this time freely admitted. Now it was not far off from the hour of the festivity, and he determined, this young Napoleon of news, that he would remain, by hook or by crook, and see that gathering. He was allowed to wander through the parlor, looked about the rear, saw the door of a pantry apparently little used, standing wide open, slipped in, and pulled the door to. When he had pulled it shut he heard an ominous click. It was a spring lock, and he had locked himself in. It was the story of the girl of Grenada—wasn't it?—all over again; that blooming beauty that Irving tells of, who hid herself in a chest and closed the lid upon herself forever. Too much enterprise, this young man thought, as he mopped his brow, whether he would have the same fate, and reflected that Washington Irving wasn't alive to "write him up," if he did. That happened at a wedding, too. That was in sport, however, and this was business, and a pretty serious business it promised to be. Time went on, how fast the young man didn't know. Would he be found there in the midst of the revelry, and hurled out by the collar in disgrace, possibly before some ladies he knew? A cheerful thought that, and the brow was mopped again. But the time of his captivity was occupied in devising an expedient that might be of some avail if the door of his prison should be opened. Before long, happily, it was, and was opened by an old domestic, who could scarcely repress a scream at the sight of a man in the pantry. But our young friend's presence of mind was not wanting. He rattled off some broken French and broken English about being one of Mr. Delmonico's men, and got out of the house, just how he never knew, save that he drew a long breath when he got out, and registered a mental vow never to report a wedding again.

Two Children Die of Hydrophobia.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of a late date says: About three months ago two of the children of Mrs. Ferlin, residing on Jourdon avenue, near the levee, were playing in the green near the residence of their parent, and were attacked by a savage dog and severely bitten. One of the two, a little boy, aged two years, was bitten in the arm and face, and the girl in the ankle. The dog, at the request of the owner, was killed immediately, and the children attended by a physician. A few days after the occurrence, both children were, as it was thought, well, and played around the house as usual. One month later the boy complained of being ill, and, after a few days, died of what was declared by the physician to be hydrophobia. Just one month and two days after the death of the little boy, Victoria told her mother that her leg, at the place where she had been bitten, pained her. Hardly had the child been removed to her bed than she complained of violent pains in the stomach and expressed an ardent desire for water; but as soon as the liquid was handed to her she repulsed it. The next day, whenever any one would approach her, she would complain that their breathing was so violent that it annoyed her extremely, and during the four days of her illness, whenever one of the dogs of the house would enter her room she would scream and order it taken away. On Wednesday the pains increased considerably, and, after terrible agony, Victoria died at two o'clock Thursday morning.

Items of Interest.

The daughters of Jefferson Davis are at school in Germany.

The accordeon is an agreeable instrument, according to *Puck*, when played several miles away.

Mr. Henry W. Longfellow received through the post-office of the Old South Church Fair the other day a letter written in Japanese, expressing the writer's admiration of the poet's works.

At its best, the spiritual impulse of the idea of "reward" is not a very thrilling one. Great actions, or even a succession of small actions, are seldom done or persevered in with an eye to recompense.

Mrs. Shadle, of Guthrie county, Iowa, has been in a trance for six months past, only awaking once in October to speak to her family. She is regularly fed, but gives no sign of knowing or appreciating what it is she is eating.

The largest horse railroad company in New York—the Third Avenue road—is eight miles long, owns 275 passenger and nine freight cars, has 1,260 horses and mules, and carried 80,700,000 passengers during the past fiscal year.

"Will you always trust me dearest?" he asked looking down into her great blue eyes with unspeakable affection. She was a saleswoman up at an up-town shirt store, and she told him business was business, and he'd have to pay cash every time.

The young women of Orion, Mich., have adopted the fashion of wearing their hair cropped close. They look odd, especially when their smooth heads are gathered in church; but they are gainers in pocket money, for they sold their hair at good prices.

Mr. Sutton, a well known professional base ball player, was converted at a revival meeting in Philadelphia not long ago. He arose to address the meeting, and said: "I have made the first base, and by the help of the Lord will make a home run."

Cooking for Centuries.

An English writer, speaking of Pompeii, says: "One house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano storm buried it. Painters, and decorators, and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household goods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleaning and other like infections invariably entail. Painters' pots and brushes, and workingmen's tools were scattered about; tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor."

Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread, so the sucking pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of seventeen hundred years! They had been cooking ever since November 24, A. D. 79. M. Florelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.

Triple Tragedy in Arizona.

J. E. Stevens, in a letter from Hackberry, Arizona, says: "I came over here and found the camp in a fever of excitement over a terrible tragedy that had recently been enacted. Bob White, whom you remember, had some words with a stranger named Frank McNiel, about a trivial matter, which resulted in White's resuming the controversy next day. White attempted to shoot McNiel, who knocked him down, disarmed him, and, upon his begging for his life, led him to the saloon and told him to go about his business. Charlie Rice, whom you also remember shortly afterward came into camp, and approaching McNiel, to whom he was unknown, he emptied his six-shooter at him, five shots taking effect; death ensued in a few hours. The citizens turned out en masse to arrest the murderer; a fight ensued, Rice was badly wounded, but refusing to submit, was hanged by the neck from the ridge-pole of the black smith shop, where he remained till next morning. In the meantime White attempted to escape, but soon fell dead, pierced with bullets. McNiel told White when he led him into the saloon that he left him among his friends and desired him to stay there, as he sought no trouble with any one."

Fishing Extraordinary.

Not long ago, in the North Midlands, the host of a fishing inn offered six prizes, ranging from £24 to £4, to be fished for, and his friends provided 170 additional baits for the angler. The competitors, who had to pay 3s. 6d. entrance each, numbered no fewer than 700, and they were stationed at twelve yards apart; the array of fishermen thus occupying a distance along the waterside of three miles and a half. The day being a suitable one for fishing, the aggregate of fish taken was very large, the winner of the first prize scoring nineteen pounds one and one-half ounces. The arrangement was perfect, and everything passed off well, without any unseemly wrangling. Since the great event just recorded, as interesting contest took place on the Lea. Two hundred and seventy six anglers entered for a great roach match, and the day being unfavorable, the winner got the first prize of £40 with thirteen and a half ounces of fish—fish worth four-fifths of their weight in gold.—*All the Year Round.*

THE McKEAN MINER.

H. F. Barbour - - Editor.

THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1878.

The Governor's Message.

We have received a few hours before going to press an advance copy of the Governor's Message. We have not time to publish it entire, and will only attempt a brief synopsis:

The first subject discussed is that of the State finances. The total receipts during the fiscal were $15,564,500 06; the expenditures were $13,482,453 19, leaving a balance in the Treasury Nov. 30, 1877, of $2,162,046 87. The total of public debt unprovided for is $13,332,386 38. By an act of March, 20, 1877, an eight million loan at five per cent. was authorized, for the redemption of the maturing loans of the Commonwealth. The bids above par amounted to over $17,000,000, and the premium realized was $261,922 33. Of the eight millions of bonds redeemed with the proceeds of this loan, over five millions were six per cent. currency interest bearing bonds, and the remainder were five per cent. gold interest bearing bonds. This reduction of the rate of interest will save the State more than fifty thousand dollars annually.

The balance in the General Fund is $454,775 50; the estimated revenue for 1878, is $13,643,300 00, making a total available fund of $14,098,075 50. The estimated expenses for 1878, with appropriations for last year not paid, will amount to $5,032,000 00, leaving a deficit of $933,925 50. With respect to this deficit, the Governor suggests:

The depressed condition of the industrial interests forbid the attempt to meet this deficit by increased taxation. I, therefore, recommend that one-third of the revenue derived from the corporation tax be diverted from the Sinking Fund and paid into the General Fund for the present year. There will still be ample funds, after payment of interest, to more than comply with the constitutional provisions for the redemption of the debt. The one-third so diverted will, in part, pay the extraordinary expenses of the July riots, which are estimated to be about five hundred thousand dollars. The balance of the deficit can only be avoided by the closest scrutiny of all appropriation bills, and the strictest economy in all Departments of the government.

During the past fiscal year the public debt has been reduced in the sum of $35,136 38. There will be available for the payment of the public debt during 1878 $1,327,200 56.

The law constituting the Board of Revenue Commissioners is very defective and the reports from the Commissioners of the several counties of the returns made by the assessors are so unequal in the valuation of the property, and some of them so deficient in returning full assessments of the various kinds of property taxable for State purposes, that great injustice is done to the Commonwealth, as well to many counties, in consequence of this want of uniformity in valuation and completeness of returns. The law, as applicable to real estate, is not adapted to the valuation and equalization of personal property, and it is suggested that a bill be passed to remedy this defect and define the powers and extend the duties of the Revenue Board before their triennial meeting this winter.

The recommendations of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for a revision of the school laws are approved; and the Soldier's Orphan's Schools are mentioned as follows:

Under the laws, the Orphans' Schools close finally on the first day of June, 1879, and it will be necessary for the present Legislature, if it desires to continue the bounty of the State, to provide for the two thousand children between the ages of four and sixteen years, who will then be left in them. Of the three plans set forth by the Superintendent, it seems to me that either the first, to repeal the act closing the schools in 1879, and allow the system to run on to its natural end, or the third, discharging all children over a certain age, or for whom suitable homes can be found, and providing for the rest in the homes for friendless children which exist in various parts of the State, will close this noble undertaking, as it was begun, in charity. The pride and pleasure they have felt in the work, the satisfaction they have derived from its happy results, leave no doubt that the adoption of either course will meet the warm approbation of the people of Pennsylvania.

The July riots occupy a large share of the Message. The Governor gives a detailed history of the riots, and notes among the results the death of over fifty civilians and five soldiers, and the wounding and maiming of a hundred or more, and the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property. The merits of the contest it is not thought necessary to consider, whatever the rights of labor, the duties of the Executive are imperative to maintain the supremacy of law and protect the rights of person and property.

The Governor enters into a thoughtful discussion as to the industrial and scientific training of workingmen. He cannot but notice the decline of the system of apprenticeship, the decadence of skilled labor and the rapid increase of common day-laborers. There are many causes among them the invention of labor-saving machines, the minute subdivision of labor, the intense competition among producers and manufacturers, and the misdirected efforts of workingmen themselves. He says:

Millions of dollars have been collected from workingmen and squandered in profitless strikes, during which other millions have been lost through enforced idleness, without even a transient effect upon the natural fluctuations of wages.—The independence of individuals has been sacrificed to the tyranny of a class and they have gradually learned to depend for prosperity upon other agencies than their own personal industry and thrift. The regular education of skilled mechanics has been restricted by the same agencies, forcing the growing generations into the undistinguished mass of day laborers, the lowest and poorest paid of any class, and reducing the nation to the necessity of supplying its skilled labor from foreign countries. These things strike at the welfare of labor and the prosperity of the State. As long as the trades are closed, as at present, we must ever complain of over-crowded professions and commercial pursuits, of a lack of skilled mechanics and an excess of common laborers.

As a remedy for the conflicts between labor and capital the Governor suggests a system of amicable arbitration, by the appointment as occasion offered of a court of arbitration, composed of three or more of the judges of the courts, as many operators, and a like number of representatives of the workingman. He objects to resorting to military power, and urges upon the legislature the necessity of devising some means of fixing the responsibility of suppressing local outbreaks upon the local civil authorities.—The office of Sheriff, formerly one of dignity and power, has degenerated until its main duties are that of jailer and auctioneer.

In conclusion, the message discusses other subjects of State and local interest. Calls attention to the over-crowded condition of the Eastern and Western Penitentiaries; urges action on the proposed transfer of the title to the Antietam National Cemetery to the United States; compliments the zeal and energy of the Geological Survey; requests the cooperation of the Legislature in the efforts of the Commission for the improvement of the navigation of the Ohio River to secure an appropriation from Congress; and suggests an act making the salary provision in regard to county offices applicable to countries whose population falls below the constitutional provision of one hundred and fifty thousand.

The Forest County Legislative Contest.

The Harrisburg correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* notes among the early arrivals at the State capital the two contesting representatives from Forrest county, and gives the following brief *resume* of the facts in the case: At the election in 1876, J. B. Agnew was the republican and S. H. Hazlett the democratic candidate—the latter being returned as elected by four majority. Agnew appealed to the courts, but the decision sustained the count. Hazlett accordingly obtained the certificate, and was sworn in as a member. Subsequently, it will be recollected, he met with an accident by which he lost a portion of his right foot, and was confined to his home for the remainder of the session. Agnew came to Harrisburg as a contestant, and brought the ballot box of Tionesta township with him. The ballots were counted by the Committee on Elections, and declared to be 35 for Hazlett and 35 for Agnew; whereas, by the original count, Agnew had 47 and Hazlett 45. On this count Agnew was admitted, and was sworn in two or three days before the close of the session. Since then Hazlett has obtained the affidavits of forty-five citizens of Tionesta that they voted for him, together with the affidavits of the Republican election officers that the original count was correct. These affidavits, together with those of J. G. Dale, an Associate Judge, Samuel D. Irwin, District Attorney, D. S. Knox, a Justice of the Peace, and John Reck, County Commissioner, all Republicans of Forrest county, to the effect that they know the forty-five affiants to be legal voters of Forest county, were published in the *Forest Press*, of December 15th. To this evidence Mr. Agnew replied in a four column letter in the Forest *Republican* of the following week, in which he says the affiants are unworthy the name of republicans, and that they work and vote with the democrats whenever fancy suggests, or vindictive malice, jealousy, or ingratitude dictates. With the affidavits and a considerable backing from the Republicans of Forest county, Hazlett proposes to ask the Legislature to reopen the case, and unseat Agnew. Each one of the contestants got a thousand dollars last year, and it is possible that both may be similarly rewarded this winter for keeping up the controversy.

One of the first, if not the very first, questions the Legislature will have to decide, is whether legislation shall be continued from last session, or begin *de novo*. In the Democratic Legislature elected in 1874, the majority took the ground that it could be continued, while the Republicans contended that it could not. As the minority of the preceding Legislature is now the majority, to be consistent they will have to begin anew. Resident Clerk Smull has prepared a list of two hundred and sixty-two pending bills, which has been printed and sent to members, but which does not comprise all the business coming over from last session.

It is generally thought that the most important matters to come before the Legislature, this winter, are the railroad riot losses and the report of the municipal Commission, and the Governor is expected to devote considerable space to the consideration of these questions, in his forthcoming annual message.

Two new members will take their seats in the House at the opening of the session of the Legislature. They are M. Edgar King, *vice* D. M. Jones, deceased, of Blair county, and Benjamin Dorrence, *vice* Hugh Young, appointed National Bank Examiner, of Tioga county. They are both republicans as were their predecessors.

Crawford Judgeship.

Judge Galbraith, of Erie, and Judge McDermott, of Mercer, met at Meadville last week to commence proceedings in the contest for Judge of Crawford Co., between J. J. Henderson, contestant, and Pearson Church, claimant. A communication was received from Governor Hartranft announcing the resignation of Judge Trunkey and the appointment of Judge L. D. Wetmore, of Warren Co. to fill his place in the commission. By reason of seniority he becomes President of the Board. An order was made requiring Henderson to furnish Church with a copy of the complaint giving the latter until January 22 to answer, and the Court adjourned to that time. We understand that the 61 *voters* out thirty-three charges, fifteen relating to holding elections at places not designated, etc., and eighteen referring to voters that had not been registered and other irregularities.

Sheriff of Luzerne County.

The Harrisburg *Telegraph* of the 13th alludes to the fact that the Governor, Attorney General and Secretary of State listened to arguments for and against the issuance of a sheriff's commission to P. J. Kenny, who received 8,000 more votes for the office in Luzerne county than his competitor at the recent election. It was claimed and argued by J. W. Simonton, Esq., of this city, who represented Wm. Swan, of Luzerne county, that Kenny's father was never naturalized, as there is no proper evidence of the fact, and this debarred Kenny from holding the office. Messrs. Stanley Woodward, Pike and Lynch, of Luzerne county, argued for the issuance of the commission to Mr. Kenny, and presented his father's naturalization papers, a portion of which were torn off. It was claimed that Kenney's father had repeatedly voted on these papers, but the records of the court do not show that he was naturalized. The Governor has decided to commission Mr. Kenney.

TERRIBLE MURDER AT ATTICA.—A shocking crime was committed two miles west of the village of Attica, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 23d inst. Mr. George Mingle was aroused by three men who demanded entrance to his house. On being refused they broke open the door, knocked him down, dragged his wife, a lady of about fifty years of age, from the house and outraged her person. She was held in such a way as to prevent her screaming and the violence done her person resulted in her death. Near the apple-tree where the dead body was found were evidences of a desperate struggle. A person named Will Tolls, and another whose name is Jacob Rider have been arrested for the crime.—*Ellcottville Union.*

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Smethport Dec. 11, 1877. Secretary.

Executor's Notice.
WHEREAS Letters Testamentary on the estate of *Orphan Scott, deceased*, late of Smethport borough, have been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said es ate must make immediate payment and all persons having claims against said estate must present them duly authenticated for settlement P. FORD, Executor.
Smethport, Pa. Dec. 13, 1877—7-6t.

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Notice.
All persons having unsettled accounts with the late Hon. A. N. Taylor, are hereby notified that said accounts are now in the hands of John C. Backus, who is Attorney for the Executors of the Estate of said Taylor, who will together with one or more of the said Executors make it a point to be at the office of said Backus, in the borough of Smethport, on Wednesday and Thursday of each week, after next for the purpose of settling said accounts. All persons having unsettled accounts as above stated, will please be prompt in answering the notice, and thereby save themselves costs.
A. E. TAYLOR,
D. C. YOUNG,
F. N. TAYLOR,
Executors.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 16, 1876.—tf

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" and Bond for Tavern License.
" of Administrator to Sell or Mortgage.
" for Citation against Executor or Administrator to File Account.
Precipe for Summons in Assumpsit.
" for Writ of Fieri Facias.
" for Writ of Replevin.
" Attachment under Act of March 17, 1869.
Precipe for Writ of Attachment under Act of March 17, 1869, Notice to Garnishee.
Precipe for Writ of Fi. Fa. with Suggestion and Affidavit.
Precipe for writ of Sci. Fa. sur Judgment.
" " Certiorari.
" " Attachment Execution.
Probate of Account.
Plaintiff's Statement and Notice.
Record of Judgments and Liens.
Return Receipt.
Rule and Interrogatories.
Recognizance for Stay of Execution.
Statement for Judgment by Default.

CONVEYANCER'S SERIES.
Agreement for Sale of Land.
Bill of Sale.
Bond—Interest and Insurance Clause.
" Judgment.
" Warranty.
" Covenant of Title.
" Executor, under order of Court.
" " " power in Will
" Quit Claim.
" *Administrator.*
" Reserving Mineral Rights.
" for Minerals.
" Ground Rent.
Lease.
" with Waiver.
" Oil.

JUSTICE'S SERIES.
Summons.
Subpœna.
Execution.
" with note of Waiver.
Criminal warrant.
Attachment in Execution.
Rule and Interrogatories.
Bond and Affidavit of Plaintiff in Attachment.
Attachment—Fraudulent Debtor.
Bond of *Defendant* in Attachment.
Transcript—Commonwealth Case.
" Civil Suit.
Complaint.
Commitment.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Orders—Township, Road, School and Poor.
Sales—Constable.
" Collector.
Appointment of Personal Property—Constable.
Bond for Stay of Execution—Constable.
Notice to Taxpayers—School Treasurer.
Collector's Receipt.

DRESS MAKING.
Mrs. C. C. Kidder
Is prepared to do all kinds of fashionable dress making in the latest styles and at short notice.
CUTTING AND FITTING A SPECIALTY.
If work is not right it can be returned and will be made satisfactory. Charges reasonable. Residence on Main Street, next to Hamlin's Hardware store. v13n3

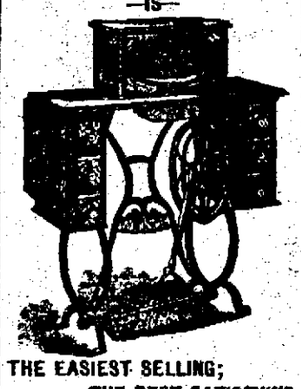
NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP.
W. R. TAYLOR
Having opened a new Blacksmith Shop at the old stand formerly occupied by Chas. Keefer, solicits the patronage of his friends and the public.
Work done as ordered, and at bottom prices.
W. R. TAYLOR,
Smethport, Nov. 23, 1877.—1m

FRESH MILK
Delivered every Morning
THE undersigned having established a regular route for the supply of fresh milk to the people of Smethport and vicinity, solicits the patronage of the community.
GEO. W. KING.

WANTED.—Some easily learned person or Artist to manufacture LUTHER'S PATENT SILK CANVASS PICTURES in this county, on Royalty. Painted from photographs or any picture, and *is the finest Oil Painting Made.* Before the territory is taken I will paint pictures size for $10,00 and warrant them for life. Every person should have one, as Oil Paintings on Canvas are the only pictures that will stand the test of time, and can be handed down to posterity. Particulars Free,
L. T. LUTHER, Corry, Pa.
14-52-y 1.

ROOFING PAINT.
The Rocky Mountain Vermillion Paint (mixed ready for use) is the best in the world for Tin, Iron, Felt, Shingles or anything exposed to the weather.
Prices—1 gallon & can, $1; two gals. in can $1.50
Three 2-gallon cans in one case.....6.00
1 barrel, 34 gallons.....12.00
1 barrel, 44 gallons.....23.00
AMERICAN VERMILLION WORKS,
49 South Front St., Phila.
4-42-3 m.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP.
W. R. TAYLOR
Having opened a new Blacksmith Shop at the old stand formerly occupied by Chas. Keefer, solicits the patronage of his friends and the public.
Work done as ordered, and at bottom prices.
W. R. TAYLOR,
Smethport, Nov. 23, 1877.—1m

The White
—IS—

THE EASIEST SELLING;
THE BEST SATISFYING
Sewing Machine.
Its introduction and world-renowned reputation was the death-blow to high-priced machines.
THERE ARE NO SECOND HAND WHITE MACHINES IN THE MARKET.
This is a very important matter, as it is a well-known and undisputed fact that many of the so-called first-class machines which are offered so cheap now-a-days are those that have been repossessed (that is, left back from customers after use) and rebuilt and put upon the market as new.
THE WHITE IS THE PEER OF ANY SEWING MACHINE NOW UPON THE MARKET.
IT IS MUCH LARGER THAN THE FAMILY MACHINES OF THE SINGER, HOME AND WEED MAKE.
IT COSTS MORE TO MANUFACTURE THAN EITHER OF THE AFORESAID MACHINES.
ITS CONSTRUCTION IS SIMPLE, POSITIVE AND DURABLE.
ITS WORKMANSHIP IS UNSURPASSED.
Don't Buy any other before trying THE WHITE.
Liberal Terms Made Satisfactory
AGENTS WANTED!
White Sewing Machine Co.,
CLEVELAND, O.

Ayer's
Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.
This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.
Its ingredients are so skilfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.
The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, proves their experience of its usefulness.
Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

JAMES McNULTY,
MERCHANT TAILOR
MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.
Suits made to order promptly, after the latest patterns.

REPAIRING and CLEANING
done to order neatly and cheaply.
Prices to suit the times, and good fit guaranteed. Call and see samples and prices.
v14-41-1y J. McNULTY.

McKEAN & BUFFALO RAILROAD Time table went into effect Monday, Nov. 19th, 1877, at 5.30, o'clock a.m.

SOUTHWARD.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	LOCAL.
Larrabee.....Leave	11.10 a.m.	5.30 a.m.
Frisbee.....	11.16	5.36 ....
Farmers Valley.....	11.29	5.49 ....
Smethport.....	11.45	6.05 ....
Crosby.....	12.02 p.m.	6.18 p.m.
Colegrove.....	12.07	6.22 ....
Hamlin.....	12.13	6.27 ....
Wernwag.....	12.45	6.57 ....
Clermont.....Arrive	12.50	7.00 ....

NORTHWARD.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	LOCAL.
Clermont.....Leave	1.30 p.m.	7.15 a.m.
Wernwag.....	"	7.20 ....
Hamlin.....	2.00	7.45 ....
Colegrove.....	2.05	7.50 p.m.
Crosby.....	2.10 p.m.	7.54 ....
Smethport.....	2.30	8.15 ....
Farmers Valley.....	2.43	8.28 ....
Frisbee.....	2.54	8.39 ....
Larrabee.....Arrive	3.02	8.45 ....

Trains will not stop at stations marked with a star (*). Trains will stop at stations marked thus (†) when flagged.
S. V. GODDEN,
Superintendent

BUFFALO, NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD. Trains run on Buffalo time. Time table went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 21st, 1877. No trains run on Sunday.

MAIL.	EXPRESS.	STATIONS. SOUTH.	NORTH.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
a.m.	p.m.			p.m.	a.m.
7 10	4 25	Dep.....Buffalo.....Ar		7 40	6 55
7 55	5 15	.....Elma.....		7 00	6 15
7 50	5 30	.....Aurora.....		6 47	7 50
9 46	6 25	.....Arcade.....		5 55	7 10
9 55	6 32	.....Yorkshire.....		5 48	7 03
9 05	6 41	.....Machias.....		5 39	6 54
9 27	7 09	.....Franklinville.....		5 12	6 27
9 35	7 35	.....Hinsdale.....		4 54	6 09
10 10	7 51	.....Erie R.R. Junction.....		4 16	5 48
10 14	7 55	.....Olean.....		4 12	5 45
10 23	....	.....Weston's.....		4 01	....
10 31	....	.....Portville.....		3 53	....
10 40	....	.....State Line.....		3 42	....
10 53	....	.....Eldred.....		3 28	....
11 03	....	.....LAURASEEK.....		3 17	....
11 09	....	.....Sartwell.....		3 10	....
11 14	....	.....Turtle Point.....		3 05	....
11 28	....	.....Port Allegany.....		2 50	....
11 48	....	.....Liberty.....		2 27	....
11 58	....	.....Keating.....		2 18	....
12 15	....	.....Shippen.....		1 58	....
12 30	....	Arr...Emporium...Dep		1 40	....

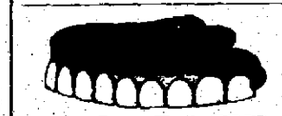
Stage runs between Elma and Marilla, connecting with all trains.
Stage runs between Arcade and Springville, connecting with all trains.
For Bradford and the New Oil Territory,
direct connections are made at Olean with the Erie Railway.
Fare as low as by any other Route.

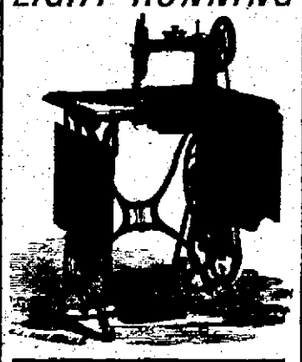
LEGAL and Blank Printing a Specialty at the MINER office.

NEW MEAT MARKET.
THE undersigned would inform the public that they have opened a Meat Market in the basement of the Wright House, where they will keep on hand a full supply of
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
FISH, LARD, &c., &c.,
which will be sold as low as the market will allow. An inspection of stock and prices is invited.
WM. OGILVIE & CO.
Smethport Pa. March 29th, 1877.-1y-5n

M. L. ARMSTRONG
Dealer in

SILVER WARE
AND
JEWELRY
AND
ELGIN WATCHES.
Agent for
ITHACA CALENDAR CLOCKS
in McKean County.
Repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry a specialty.


L. M. RAUB,
Surgeon Dentist,
Bolivar, All. Co. N. Y.
Special attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. I have a new improvement in filling teeth with gold; also in Mechanical Dentistry.
TEETH EXTRACTED comparatively WITHOUT PAIN.
by the use of Dr. Von Bonhorst's Anæsthetic.
Twenty years of continued and successful practice warrants me in promising full satisfaction.
Parties wishing dental services at their homes can be accommodated promptly by dropping me a postal card.
Will be at Smethport the Second Tuesday and Wednesday in January.
v14-n52-1y

HEALTHFUL, PRACTICAL.
A FAMILY FRIEND.
THE
LIGHT-RUNNING

DOMESTIC
SEWING MACHINE,
Double Thread, Lock Stitch; Automatic Self-Adjusting Tension and Take-up; Conical Steel Bearings, and Compensating Journal.
It does not Fatigue!!!
It does not make you Nervous!!!
LIGHT-RUNNING, NOISELESS.
None run it but to love it;
None know it but to praise.
THE
"DOMESTIC"
In the most desirable and efficient machine made, for these reasons:
It is made of the *choicest materials*, and by the *best workmen*.
It is the *simplest* in construction, and *most reliable* in its action.
It requires almost *no adjusting*, and yet does *every* variety of work.
It is *noiseless, rapid*, and will *outwear* any other machine.
It is the *easiest running* of machines, and *saves muscle and nerves*, which are more valuable than money.
It has *never* failed to give *perfect satisfaction*.
Every machine *warranted*.
Physicians recommend it for its light-running and noiseless qualities.
Send for a copy of "How to Choose a Sewing Machine."
"Domestic" Sewing Machine Co.,
NEW YORK.
"DOMESTIC" Paper Fashions,
"Domestic" PAPER Fashions,
"Domestic" Paper FASHIONS,
The most stylish and best fitting.
In endless variety. Send 5 cents for large Illustrated Catalogue of 1000 Styles.
"DOMESTIC Monthly,"
"Domestic MONTHLY,"
"DOMESTIC Monthly,"
"Domestic MONTHLY,"
An Instructive and Entertaining Illustrated Magazine of Fashion, Polite Literature, and Art. $1.50 a Year, with PREMIUM.
Specimen Copy, 15 cents.
DOMESTIC
Sewing Machine Co.,
HOME OFFICE,
Broadway and 14th St., New York.

LEGAL BLANKS of all kinds, neatly and correctly printed, can be had at the MINER office.

NEW STOCK
OF
FALL & WINTER
GOODS JUST RECEIVED AT
HASKILL & GIFFORD'S
This Stock comprises a full line of
DRY GOODS
DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, YANKEE NOTIONS,
GROCERIES
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &C.
We have opened the largest stock of goods ever offered in Smethport, and they are offered at prices that will recommend them to those wishing good goods at very low prices.
HASKILL & GIFFORD.

FALL & WINTER
R. O. SMITH & CO.
OPENING.
Are now showing all the novelties of the season in their different Departments. We have largely increased many of our lines of goods, and have attractions and bargains to offer in all. Feeling the desirability of increasing our acquaintance with the
McKEAN COUNTY PUBLIC,
and appreciating the fact that it can only be done on merit, we are offering large inducements in the way of good goods at very low prices. We have a full assortment of
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRESS GOODS,
and make a specialty of
BLACK SILKS & CASHMERES.
Our lines of
TRIMMINGS, FANCY GOODS
are New and Complete.
Shawls & Cloaks,
we have Bargains to offer in
HAMBURG EDGES, LINENS,
CORSETS & KID GLOVES.
KID GLOVES AT 50 CENTS.
OUR DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT
Is unusually full, and the prices are many of them lower than ever before. We have unusual facilities this Fall for doing all our old customers good, and will be pleased to add many new ones.
R. O. SMITH & CO.

THE NEW DRUG STORE
W. T. CALLER,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Toilet Goods, and Notions,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c., &c.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY PREPARED AT ALL HOURS OF DAY OR NIGHT.
MAIN ST., - - - SMETHPORT, PA.

THE McKEAN MINER.

THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1878.

Churches.

METHODIST.—J. C. WHITESIDE, pastor. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 9 a. m., and Preaching at 10½ a. m., and 7 p. m. Class Meeting at 11½ a. m. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 p. m.

Preaching at Norwich and at Cole Creek at 2 p. m. every alternate Sabbath.

BAPTIST.—O. J. ROCK, pastor. Services Sunday at 10½ a. m., and at 7½ p. m. Sunday School immediately after the morning services. Preaching once in two weeks at the Hafner school house

EPISCOPAL.—H. Q. MILLER, Rector. Services on the 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Sabbath School at 9 a. m

ST. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. J. F. SMITH, pastor. Mass at 11 a.m. service at 11 30 a. m Sunday School at 3 p. m. services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge.—H. W. Williams, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.
Additional Judge.—E. F. Wilson, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.
Associate Judges.—W. A. Brownell, Smethport; F. N. Burnham, Eldred.
District Attorney.—P. R. Cotter, Port Allegany.
Sheriff.—C. S. King, Smethport.
Prothonotary.—C. K. Sartwell, Smethport. *Deputy.*—J. R. Chadwick.
County Treasurer.—A. H. McVery, Port Allegany. *Deputy.*—D. R. Hamlin, Smethport.
Commissioners.—Jno. Bunker, Orsando Gallup, Wm. A. Young.
County Surveyor.—Jno. R. Chadwick, Smethport.
Auditors.—O. D. Coleman, J. L. Benn, M. W. Fisher.
Regular Terms of Court.—Fourth Monday in February and September, and third Monday of June and December.

BRIEF MENTION.

—It begins to dawn upon the public mind that the Knapp's Creek field is good oil territory.

—The peace of our quiet borough is disturbed by the excitement of an occasional wedding.

—The New Year's dance at the Wright House, was largely attended, and every one present expressed entire satisfaction.

—The Philadelphia press is waking up to the danger of the oil tonnage being drawn away from that city.

—Brother Gould informs us that the *Press* will be issued this week with an entire new dress and of its former size.—Good.

—The *Derrick* sees one dollar oil raising its gaunt and spectral form in the dim distance, and calls upon the Bradford operators to stop the drill.

—A friend suggests that if the snow continues to fall at the rate of the last few days, we may possibly have a fine run of sleighing by the first of June.

—Miss Georgie Hicks, of Chemung county, N. Y. visited friends in this place last week. We regret that absence prevented a renewal of a former very pleasant acquaintance with our old schoolmate.

—It is a singular fact that nearly all the office seekers that visit the capitol carry home with them a bottle of Dr. Tenner's Cough Honey. Some have his Capitol Bitters and his Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic also.

—Hamlin & Son, as agents of the Keating estate, sold over one hundred acres of unimproved land in Otto township this week at $100 an acre. Two years ago they would have been glad to have taken $15 an acre for it.

—Hon. C. H. Foster, of Bradford, and Hon. L. Rogers, of this place, have gone to Harrisburgh to attend the session of the Legislature. The former as Member from this county, and the latter to fill his old position as Journal Clerk of the Senate.

—Mittie Whiteside, the son of Rev. J. C. Whiteside of this place, a boy of about ten years of age, was thrown from a horse last Saturday, suffering a dislocation of the collar-bone and other bruises. Drs. Brown and H. L. McCoy attended him and he is doing as well as could be expected.

—She had come from America, and the people stopped and listened to her as she sat in the garden of the old Schloss at Heidelberg, and absently sang, in a voice of ravishing sweetness, "Where e'er I roam, whatever lands to see, my heart, untraveled, fondly turns to the "Domestic' Sewing Machine."

—There were painful rumors on the street this week touching the mysterious disappearance of J. P. Wendel, our enterprising and prosperous grocer. It was feared that he had gone off to commit matrimony. But a thorough investigation by our corps of reporters revealed the fact that the rumors were false, and that John is a happy bachelor—as yet.

—The Commissioners have appointed E. V. Chadwick, of this borough, merchantile appraiser of McKean county for the ensuing year. The increase of business in the county has made this position one of considerable labor and responsibility. Mr. Chadwick will make an active and energetic officer, and the shirkers will find it next to impossible to escape his vigilance.

—Col. W. H. Russel, ex-county clerk of Allegany county, N.Y., became too intimate with the wife of the junior editor of the Belmont *Free Press*, Asher P. Cole, and at the command of the outraged and magnanimous husband left the country, taking his guilty paramour with him. Russel leaves an accomplished wife and two very intelligent and interesting children, and Mrs. Cole leaves two beautiful little children. Cole was too lenient. He should have shot the dog on sight.

—A very respectable audience, in respect both to numbers and quality listened to Rev. David S. Copeland's story of his two year's life on a whaler, last evening. Many portions of the lecture were very interesting, and held the attention of the audience very closely. We know that life on a whaler is not the easiest and most pleasant in the world, yet we should judge from his story that Mr. Copeland slipped in one of the hardest ship in that line of service, and do no wonder that he was satisfied after his two years experience.

—In a recent long opinion, Judge Pearson, of Dauphin county, gave his views of stay laws. He says: "The act of 1877, like many others heretofore enacted, professedly for the benefit of the poor, is only beneficial to sheriffs and prothonotaries, as it about doubles the fees of each; the burden eventually falls with greater weight on the poor debtor, while the law does great injustice to the creditor, who may be equally burdened with costs in order to pay his own debt. It meddles and interferes with contracts made and judgments entered in good faith. The courts are obliged to carry out the law, however impolitic, injudicious and unjust."

The Bennett House Robbery.

Had we issued a paper last week we could have made a highly sensational article about the robbery at the Bennett House, on Friday night of Court week, and the arrest, trial and incarceration of the thief. At this late day, however, it will be sufficient to simply state the facts for the benefit of those who have not heard the particulars. Among the late guests at the Bennett House on that evening was a young man who had occupied quarters in the jail for several weeks, being bound over on the charge of pocket picking at Ben. Hogan's place, in Tarport. The prosecutor failing to appear, there was no indictment found against him, and he was released. Mr. Haskill showed the fellow to a room in which were two beds, the other bed being occupied by Mr. S H. Smith, of Eldred township. During the night, when honest men were slumbering, the enterprising rascal went on a tour of thievery. He first took $13 from the pocket of his temporary room mate, Mr. Smith, and then appropriated a valuable watch, some small change, a knife and a bunch of keys from the pockets of the hotel hostler.—With the booty thus obtained he went out and up to the jail, and passed what he supposed was a one dollar bill through a cell window to one of the prisoners in exchange for a heavy pocket knife. The bill proved to be a ten dollar bill, an hour previous in possession of Mr. Smith. Returning with the knife he undertook to open the money drawer, broke the blade off, and gave up the attempt, leaving the broken blade in the drawer and the knife lying near by. In the morning when the victims discovered their loss, the young man was arrested on suspicion. The facts as above stated were clearly proven, and Squire Ford promptly ordered him in the custody of the Sheriff. He will hardly get off this time from lack of effort on the part of the prosecution.

The watch and pocket knife stolen from the hostler were found on Saturday last, carelessly concealed in the ground near the rear corner of the Baptist church.

The Organ of Oil.

In another column we publish a prospectus of the *Oil City Derrick*, a paper which has earned the distinction of being the "organ of oil." Wherever a hole is being drilled in search of oil there will you find the *Derrick*. Whoever is engaged in buying, selling, producing or wild-catting for oil feels that the *Derrick* is as necessary as his daily feed. Among the many "oil journals" that have sprung into existence the *Derrick* takes and ably maintains the lead. It has special reporters in every locality where a valuable item of oil news can be gleaned, and these reports, barring occasional unavoidable mistakes, are very reliable. Its markets reports are specially valuable and worth the price of the paper. Aside from all this, it is a well edited newspaper, with complete telegraphic reports, and well selected news and miscellaneous items. Try it, and you are sure to like it.

Oil Valley Items.

OIL VALLEY, Dec. 23, 1877.

To the Editor of the Miner:

You may not be conversant with the locality of Oil Valley. It is one and a half miles from Duke Center, in the Baldwin neighborhood. I give the following items of oil news in the valley:

The Nobles well is now producing fully fifteen barrels a day. The Aikens, Peet & Co. well is good for twenty barrels a day. U. C. Pelton, rig up, and commence drilling to-morrow. Noble No. 2. rig up ready to start the drill Tuesday. Corlon, rig up, will soon be drilling. Remington, rig building on Brown lot. Aikens, Peet & Co. building rig No. 2. Sefford, rig up, ready to drill. Noble & Hall making preparation to put up rig. Henry Hamlin commenced putting up rig Saturday.

Oil Valley will soon be a live town, when the roads improve so that teaming can be done. RESIDENT.

Christmas Tree.

Chrismas eve was celebrated at the Curtis school house, Keating township, by a Christmas tree arranged by the teacher, Miss Flora Stevens, for the entertainment of her pupils, and was the occasion of a very pleasant gathering of many of the older people, including some or all of every family in the district.—Recitations were given by the pupils, and singing, when Mr. A. Stephens, the Director, introduced the County Superintendent, who made a short address, in the course of which he paid a handsome tribute to the teacher's efforts and success in her school as well as her enterprise in this affair. The tree was as large as the house would admit and was well loaded with choice gifts, the distribution of which occupied some time, and all passed off in the pleasantest manner.

License Petitions and Bonds.

At the next February term of Court applications for hotel and restaurant licenses will be received and acted upon. Parties intending to apply for license can obtain blank petitions and bonds at this office.—We have a large stock on hand neatly and correctly printed.

—The Olean *Times* says: At the moment of going to press this, Thursday afternoon, a cold blooded muder was attempted in our village. It appears that a man named Eugene Pond had been boarding with a family by the name of Cole on the Wild Cat Run, and a short time since surreptitiously removed his goods, chattels and himself, without paying his board. Elias Cole was teaming to-day close to the Allegany River bridge, when he met Pond, and questioned him about his indebtedness. Pond with an oath declared he would "fix" Cole, and drew a revolver, firing at him deliberately. Cole dodged, and Pond, fired a second shot. This shot also missed Cole and Pond fired a third shot, which struck Cole in the abdomen. Fortunately the bullet glanced off, only inflicting a flesh wound, which Doctor Eddy dressed. After finding he had wounded Cole, Pond made off, but he will no doubt be speedily captured and made to answer for this dastardly act!"

—The Rochester *Union* says: "It is reported that the Erie Railway, as soon as the reorganization now going on is completed, will endeavor to lease the Nunda Railroad, make a connection with the main line at Ross' Crossing, lay a third rail and run it as one of the branches of the Erie."

—Meloy, late editor of the Olean *Record*, is tending a steam pump at Humboldt, Nevada, at $80 per month in gold.

Knapp's Creek News.

PRENTIS VALE January 1, 1878.

To the Editor of the Miner:

I started out this morning immediately after my breakfast and went up the south branch, up Smith Valley, and over the hill and down the R.R. branch, down through Duke Center and back home at 9 p.m. I now proceed to give you a sketch of my travels, beginning at Reedville, on the south branch. The inhabitants met recently and decided to call their place as above, instead of Reed City as heretofore called in my reports.

The Butler Oil Company, on the Rixford farm, is doing some 83 barrels. The first day after it was torpedoed it flowed about 75 barrels.

Carlon Bros. on the Charles Rixford farm, have their derrick up, the machinery and every thing all ready, and are on hand to commence drilling.

Mr. J. W. James, on the Irons farm, has the timbers on the spot to commence a well some 80 rods south of the Reed well.

The Olmstead well, on the Dan Berger farm, has some 80 feet of oil. The third sand is 104 feet thick, but very close and not sufficiently porous to let the oil pass through. However it is hoped that the torpedo will make it all right.

Cummings & Dean have timbers in position for a rig a few rods west of the Reed well, and the machinery is on the way.

F. H. Baily, on Mason G. Dennis farm, has a well located and is getting the timbers on the spot.

Mathew N. Dennis has leased 63¼ acres for a bonus of $25.00 an acre and one-eighth royalty.

The well on the Cornish farm, is down some 400 feet. Mr. Anderson, of Wellsville, also has a rig up, and will commence operations as soon as he can get his machinery and lumber on the spot.

Mr. Wm. & T.B. Love have just started their portable steam saw mill on the McCullough farm, about a half a mile below Reedville, on the south branch. From the present appearance of the men we think they mean business, and are fully equipped with teams and all necessary means for filling all orders on short notice.

The Mead & Anderson mill is about ready for business, but they have been greatly retarded on account of the terrible condition of the roads.

The Nash Hotel is in good running order, and has a good run of custom.

RAIL ROAD BRANCH.

Frank & Schemerhorn, 1287 feet and 40 feet out of that of third sand. Considered to be a first class pumper of from 15 to 20 barrel well. The rods are to be inserted to-day (January 2.)

Bradford Oil Co. No. 1, on Middaugh tract, down some 1200 feet and full of oil, and preparing to tube.

The Potts & Murphy well struck oil the 29th of Dec., has been torpedoed and showed to be good for 10 to 12 barrels.

Greenman well down about 600 feet.

Chambers well, on Sanderson farm, 1000 feet.

The Green well is down about 400 feet.

The above are all in the vicinity of the White well, which is doing 15 barrels.

Vanvleck & Co. Barden tract, are down some 1300 feet and will soon come in.

Gray and Vanvleck will case no 1 to-day.

A Mr. White is putting up 2 rigs for Chambers & Co about 1 mile above John Duke's.

The Oak Shade Oil Co., down some 800 and Radore well, on the Al. Barton tract, are also down some 800 feet.

NORTH MIDDLE BRANCH.

Carlin Bros. & Golden have timbers on the spot and are hauling their machinery from Eldred. The well is located 20 rods north of the Nobles, which is said to be producing now only 6 barrels.

The Grierson & Co. well, on the Sam'l Baldwin farm, one mile below the Nobles well, is doing 18 barrels.

Stafford & Co. on W. F. Spragues' lot, drilling; but did not hear from it definitely.

So it is clearly demonstrated that Knapp's Creek territory is not so dry after all. The tests so far indicate that the oil belt is much more extensive than was at first anticipated, and all indications show favorably that it extends easterly, and will doubtless cross the Allegany River.

The Gridly well is full of oil, and a Mr. Hogan Rauber & Co., of Tarport are preparing to tube it and put it in running order, as soon as they can get the tubing from Eldred.

The Dylrymple mill will also soon start up.

DUKE CENTER.

Anderson & Co., are now getting in their goods, consisting of a general assortment of oil findings, and intend as soon as practicable to keep on hand a assortment of hardware goods.

The Bloss boarding house is crowded with boarders and traveling custom, but will soon be relieved by the Duke Hotel which is rapidly progressing and presents a very fine appearance.

Business is quite brisk, although the roads are so bad that there is not and cannot be as much accomplished as there otherwise would be. There is a vast amount of work planned, or laid out, that will be pushed as soon as practicable.

Mr. L. A. Bunker has sold last week to C. H. & Len. Dolly, of Port Allegany, and other parties, 4 lots for $500; also one to Chas. Wolcott & C. W. Dennis, of Eldred, for $125, who intend to build a barn for keeping supplies for teams.

Mr. Rupert, of Cleveland, has purchased 35 acres of Mr. Amos Pepper, on Kansas branch, for $90 per acre, and he intends to put down a well immediately, the rig being up, about a mile from Topeka Corners.

Mr. Benj. Bunker, guardian of Miss Emma Mills, has sold a lot to Len. Dolly, on the corner of Main and South streets, opposite the Topeka School House, for the purpose of building a store on it.

Col. A. I. Wilcox, I am informed, is about to commence operations on the Maggie Baldwin farm, one mile up the Kansas branch.

The well on D. G. Spiller's farm just commencing to drill. The one on the Barker farm, at the head of Fowler Brook, according to my latest information, is down about one hundred and fifty feet.

We have two lines of stages running from Eldred, one to Duke Center, and one to Reedville and back each day.

DELTA.

SMETHPORT
LECTURE COURSE.

The Fourth Lecture of the Course will be delivered by

J. W. GAMBLE.

WED. EV'G JAN. 16, 1878.

Subject:—"The Straw that Broke the Camel's Back."

The following gentlemen have also signified their willingness to assist in the course, and will lecture on the subjects designated:

HON. H. W. WILLIAMS; A Trip to Europe.

D. H. MULLER D.D; Marriage and Marrying.

Tickets for sale at the Post Office.

A Serious Charge.

Justice G. M. Smith's court was occupied during two days of last week in the investigation of a serious charge against Geo. W. Helwig, of Turtle Point. Mr. Chas. Taylor, of the same place, a brother-in-law, charges him with poisoning an infant child in 1872. Mr. Helwig admitted that he lost a child in that year, but claimed that it died of natural causes—of spotted fever. There was a "cloud of witness" and a mass of testimony presented on both sides, and the Justice committed the defendant to next term of court. We have no opinion to offer as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. It is an ugly charge and a serious one for the defendant, if true; and quite as ugly and serious for the prosecution, if not true.

—The *Elmira Daily Advertiser* comes to its readers on the morning of the new year with an entire new dress throughout, and looks as clean and neat as a new trade dollar. The *Advertiser* is one of the "old reliables," an able and well sustained newspaper, and a staunch upholder of the republican standard, with no nonsense or sentimental gush in its political utterances. We could not keep house without it, and hope it will live to complete the other three quarters of its century, as full of vigor and life as at the close of its first quarter.

—James N. Matthews late editor of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, has purchased the *Express* of that city, and will assume charge of the paper on or about the 10th inst. Under Mr. Mathews' able management we do not hesitate to predict that the *Express* will be the best paper in Buffalo.

A Wedding.

Last Wednesday, a large number of people assembled at St. Elizabeth's R. C. Church, to witness the marriage of Miss Eliza Glenn, of this place, and Mr. F. J. Whelan, of Titusville. The ceremony took place at 10 o'clock, and was performed by Rev. Father Smith.—We will not undertake a description of the bride's toilet, but will simply say, that we have seldom seen a handsomer, or a more becomingly dressed bride. Mr. Whelan is a comparative stranger among us, but if his frank, open, countenance be an index to his character, we would say that her happiness is in safe keeping.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the happy couple accompanied by a few friends, adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, where they partook bountifully of the good things set before them in the shape of a wedding breakfast, after which the newly married pair left for Titusville, amid the good wishes of their many friends.

AN OBSERVER.

The Doctors Once More.

To the Editor of the Miner:

In the *Reporter* of Dec 19, 1877, under the head of "Our Advertisers" this remarkable statement occurs:

"A continuance of prosperity is deserved by an physicians compatible with the well being of a locality as healthy as this. Dr. J. S. Stearns confines himself to the practice of medicine and surgery and Drs. Golden and Hogarth have pharmacies in connection."

It might be inferred from the above, that Dr. Stearns is the leading physician and surgeon and that he takes charge of the most important cases, while the other doctors are quietly occupied with their pharmacies. I propose not only to correct this erroneous statement, but also to expose its shallow origin.

Dr. Gaffry has been in Port Allegany the past 10 years, commenced his practice here and has made a reputation that needs no comments. Dr. Hogarth graduated in pharmacy in London, England, was connected with St. Guy's Hospital, London, Medical Steward in the English Navy during the Crimean war, served in the U. S. Army as Hospital Steward and was connected with Dr. Freeman till the close of the war, and has since assisted him in all his major operations. It is only justice to say that there are all over the country living witnesses of Dr. Hogarth's medical and surgical skill. It has been his lot to have those complicated injuries, and still this gentleman is mentioned in the *Reporter* as the inferior of J. S. Stearns. Now if this man Stearns has high professional attainments they are not appreciated either by the doctors of Oswayo, Coudersport, Port Allegany or Smethport.—Now I think it only a reasonable conclusion that the author of the remarkable statement must be either prejudiced or ignorant. It may be that his experience in a dry goods store or his travels while runner for a patent medicine establishment was not of a nature to make editorial brains or capacity.

OBSERVER.

Port Allegany, Dec 29.

What Will the Harvest Be?

One thing is certain, and that is that producers will continue to sell short just so long as the production continues as large as it is now. With these prices maintained the production will be increased with the next four months to 45,000 barrels daily, and then we will have a forty cent market, as we did in 1873. This is no idle talk.—We say, and defy contradiction, that under existing circumstances $1 60 is more than oil is actually worth. Look at it calmly.—We are producing 14,000 to 16,000 barrels per day more than the world requires. Can a few speculators, with a capital of three or four hundred thousand dollars, expect to carry this load and bull the market successfully? Well, hardly!—*Derrick.*

Fourth Sand Oil Strikes.

Much excitement is consequent upon the receipt of telegrams from Karns City announcing the striking of two more fourth sand wells. The Cooper well, an old pumper, was drilled deeper and touched the top of the sand this evening, when it began flowing at the rate of four hundred barrels.—The *Derrick's* special says the well will be as large as the old Teaser, if not larger.—The Thomas well, right in the heart of the town, also touched the sand and filled up to the top of the hole, when it was shut down for the night. It is certain that it will be a big well. These strikes will open up considerable territory which has heretofore been drilled only to the third sand.

Oats Wanted.

Haskill & Gifford will pay 11½ cents per lb, for two thousand bushels of oats delivered at their store.

BRADFORD OIL FIELD.

ITS EARLY DEVELOPMENTS AND PRESENT MAGNITUDE.

From the Oil City Derrick.

Two years after the drawing of the drill from the Drake well, on the flats below Titusville, and at the time when the excitement was running high along Oil Creek, the citizens of the town of Bradford caught the idea that oil might be found beneath the surface of their valleys and rugged hills. At that time, 1861, the busy, teeming city of to-day was a quiet hamlet numbering less than three hundred inhabitants. Three general stores supplied the necessities of life and two hotels furnished food and shelter for the traveler. In order to test the territory an organization was effected under the name of the Bradford Oil Co. From a book now in the hands T. J. Melvin, containing a record of the doings of the company, full particulars were gleaned concerning the drilling of the first well in the Bradford District. In January 1861, an oil company was formed with a capital stock of $500, there being one hundred five dollar shares.

The first meeting of the Bradford Oil Company was held January 29, 1861, when S. Holmes was elected President, E. P. Steers Secretary, I. T. Harper, Treasurer, and George Safford, G. D. Crooker, C. R. Alton, J. R. Dart and H. Burgess were chosen directors.

On the 30th of January the directors met at G. D. Crooker's hotel and instructed the Secretary to write and ascertain the

PRICE OF A SET OF DRILLS.

At a meeting held March 2, a contract was made with Peter, Close & Co., to drill the well. It was located on the Kingsbury farm, at the base of the hill, up the West Branch and within the present borough limits. At this time the implements used in drilling were light and crude compared with the improved machinery of the present day and considerable more muscle was exerted in lowering the drill. The spring pole was used in making this test. One of the men who helped to kick the well down is now a Judge in Minnesota. The well sunk to a depth of 200 feet and no oil being found was abandoned.

Nothing further was done until 1865, when three or four tests were made in various parts of the region, all of which resulted in failures. The King Oil Company, made up of capitalists from Middletown, N. Y., drilled a well to the second sand on the Sheppard farm, above DeGolier, where Custer City now stands. Had they gone a few hundred feet lower

OIL WOULD HAVE BEEN FOUND,

and they would not now be seeking after the golden calf through slow going channels near their Orange County homes.

A well was put down within the borough limits by Orlando Smith and others. Another was sunk near Tarport, but these two resulted in failures. Moses drilled a well below the rock at Limestone. Though sunk to the proper depth it was off the belt, but little oil was found.

In 1871 a well was drilled on the Hendrie farm by C. H. Foster. Oil was found in paying quantities, a fair producer being completed. This is the first well in the Bradford district which paid for the drilling. Though oil had been found and some operating had been done between the years of '71 and '75, there was no rush to the field.

The completion of the Olmsted well on the Crook farm and the well of Jackson & Walker, on the *Kennedy farm, in the spring* and summer of '75 brought the field into prominence and turned the tide to the north where it has since been flowing with an increasing volume. The Olmsted well started off at the rate of 125 barrels daily, and the Jackson & Walker at 75. The Kelly Brothers finished a well on the Ward farm, near Bradford, in the fall of the same year which produced 40 barrels daily. On the 1st of August, 1875, a DERRICK reporter visited the field and found the Olmsted well to be flowing 110 barrels. At that time there were five other wells in the vicinity of Bradford producing respectively 35, 15, 7, 5, and 2 barrels of oil daily. At that time a dozen rigs were up and two or three ready to drill. The fall derricks soon loomed up along the Tuna and gradually found their way along the valleys of its tributaries.

The Bradford Oil Company drilled the first well up the West Branch on the Blair farm. The first well put down far up Kendall Creek was drilled by the Walker Oil Company on the Richardson farm, near Sawyer City.

During the twenty-five months previous to December 1, 1877, the regular DERRICK *monthly reports* show that 1,143 wells have been completed, and of the number seventy-one came in dry. It will also be noticed that about the same number of wells were completed monthly from June, 1876, to September, 1877.

On the first of August, 1875, the wells in the region were producing about 170 barrels daily. From this amount the production has gradually increased until it amounts to at least seven thousand barrels daily.

During the present month the pipe line runs have averaged 8,200 barrels daily. The production of the district is on the increase, and the augmentation in the production of the field must continue for months to come. Oilmen of experience who are thoroughly acquainted with the field predict that it will reach twelve thousand barrels within a year, and others of a more sanguine temperament see in the future a daily production of from sixteen to twenty thousand barrels.

Within the defined field a man is sure of a producer of some magnitude, and generally find a well which will pay for itself in from five to eight months.

Gas, coal and wood are used in drilling wells, and pumping them by heads. Wood costs about $2 25 per cord, coal from $3,75 to $4,50 per ton at the depot. The gas company charges $3,50 per day for enough to run a drilling well and a half dollar daily for pumping wells. In some localities wood is cut on the lease and used in firing the boiler. Contractors charge from ninety cents to a dollar per foot for drilling, the work being somewhat easier than in the lower country.

MANAGEMENT OF WELLS.

After a well has been drilled through the sand it is invariably torpedoed. A good-sized shell is generally used. In some cases, when the oil-bearing rock is thick and a layer of slate exists between the strata, a double shot is fired. After being torpedoed and cleaned out, a packer is inserted a few feet above the sand-rock, so as to confine the gas and oil and force it to flow through the tubing. Some of the wells are torpedoed twice, others three times, and many as often as once a month. In some of those which are torpedoed monthly no tubing is used. An oil-saver is attached to the top of the casing, with a sand-pump line passing through it and attached to the sand-pump at the bottom of the well, which, being agitated, causes the well to flow. The wells which do not flow are pumped by head. Where the most gas is found the smallest quantity of the explosive compound is used. The production of the district is forced and unnatural, and were it not for the torpedo, would be much smaller. The nature of the oil is such that the recurring use of the torpedo is necessary to keep the wells from clogging up with paraffine. Undoubtedly it costs as much in many cases to torpedo wells as to hire an energetic pumper. A stranger, on coming into the district and seeing so many walking-beams pointing heavenward, thinks the whole field is abandoned.

DEPTH OF WELLS AND THICKNESS OF SANDS.

The wells vary in depth, being twice as deep in some localities as in others. In the neighborhood of Limestone and on the low ground along the Tuna Creek and its branches they have a depth of about a thousand feet. On the hillsides and summits the depth increases proportionately. Up Kendall Creek the wells in the valley are between eleven and twelve hundred feet in depth. The sand varies in thickness from five to eighty feet. At Limestone it is more shallow than at other places. The sand is of a dark, slaty color, slightly tinged with red and contrasts strongly with that found in Bullion and the lower fields, having a much inferior aspect.

THE OIL COMPANIES.

A description of the northern fields would be incomplete without a notice of the oil companies who now own and control large portions of the productive area.

The Bradford Oil Company, organized and chartered in the spring of '76, controls in fee and by leases between six and eight thousand acres, distributed over various portions of the field. The capital stock of the company consists of 999 shares of $100 each. Wesley Chambers, T. J. Jones, L. G. Peck and L. F. Freeman are the stockholders of the company. Wesley Chambers is President, J. T. Jones, Treasurer, L. G. Peck, Secretary and Manager. Mr. T. J. Powers represents the company at their office in Bradford. Their main production lands, at present, are located on the west branch, east branch. Four Mile Run, Indian Creek and Knapp's Creek.—Their producing wells number thirty-one. The company have leased their lands at one-eighth royalty and sub-leased a portion of them at a quarter. This company has reached out further and done more toward developing than any other in the district. The Bradford Oil Company hold four thousand acres in fee in the Kinzua region farther south.

The Quintuple Oil Company, one of the largest in the region, was organized toward the end of the year 1875. The stock of the company is divided up as follows: L. Emery, Jr., who is one of the boldest operators and buyers in the field, owns five-twentieths; Whitney & Wheeler four twentieths; Whitney & Son, three-twentieths, and the Producers' Consolidated Land and Petroleum Company, four-twentieths. The company owns in fee 4,200 acres, comprising the high ground between the east and west branches of the Tuna Creek, and extending as far south as the Lafayette township line. They have leased about 350 acres at an eighth royalty, and leased a great deal of the land which they own at a quarter. They have eight producing wells and the royalty from fifty. A large number of wells are drilling and rigs up and building on this territory. Mr. L. Emery, Jr., is the manager for the company and W. R. Weaver, of Titusville, cashier.

The old firm of Emery, Patterson & Co. was merged into the Emery Oil Company on the first of October, 1877. The gentlemen entering into the new co-partnership are L. Emery, W. R. Weaver, L. E. Hawsher and W. C. Husband. This company owns in fee and under lease 1,100 acres of land located on the flats between Bradford and Tarport and along the east branch.—The *Emery Oil Company* has 29 producing wells with a daily production of about 250 barrels. They keep about two wells drilling all the time. Mr. L. Emery, Jr. is manager, and Mr. W. R. Weaver handles the finances of the company.

One of the oldest companies in the district is the Producers' Consolidated Land & Petroleum Company, established in 1875. Mr. C. S Bushnell, of New York, is President; Joseph E. Freeman is Treasurer and Mr. H. C. Crane Secretary. The Company has 1,300 acres in fee and 3,000 acres leased at one-eighth royalty. They have ninety-five producing wells with a daily production of 550 barrels. One of their wells on the *Melvin farm* started off at the rate of 125 barrels fourteen months ago and is now doing fifty. Mr. L. C. Blakeslee is business manager for the company.

Whitney & Wheeler are among the heaviest operators, having seventy producing wells.

The American Oil Company has twenty-five producing wells. W. A. Pullman, of Oil City, is Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. James Ormer is Superintendent.

The Anchor Petroleum Company is made up of Titusville parties. The Enterprise Transit Company is superintended by Mr. Brown, and Wilson, Germer & Co. are numbered among the large producing companies of the region.

The Clark, Babcock & Hulings tract is one of the largest in the field.

DIED.

GALE.—In Coryville, Dec. 19, 1877, of liver complaint, WM. H. GALE formerly of Wellsville, N. Y., in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

After a long and severe illness of about 10 months he joyfully received his summons, which came on Wednesday morning. He leaves a wife and seven children who deeply feel his loss. A few hours previous to his death he bade them all an affectionate farewell asking them all to meet him in Heaven, and passed away praising God.

Father thou art gone before us,
To the realms of endless day;
Still thy spirit hovers o'er us,
As we tread life's weary way.
Dark and gloomy seems life's future,
Now that thy dear form is gone,
Never more to give us counsel
Cheering us from early dawn.
Though our hearts are pained and saddened,
As we mourn, dear one, for thee,
Yet we know that thou art looking
As thou said'st thou would be!
Yearning is thy blessed spirit
Still to comfort, guide and cheer,
Us, thy children and companion,
Whom on earth thou lov'st most dear.
When our pilgrimage is ended,
And our toils and trouble cease,
May we, with thee, rest in Jesus,
There to dwell in perfect peace.

A. G

MARRIED.

SMITH—GALLUP.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Christmas day, by Rev. O. J. Rose, Mr. FRED. E. SMITH, and Miss CARRIE N. GALLUP, the former of Norwich, and the latter of Keating.

RUMSEY—EATON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on New Year's day, by Rev. O. J. Rose, Mr. FRANK W. RUMSEY, and Miss NINA L. EATON, all of Smethport borough.

WHELAN—GLENN.—At St. Elizabeth's R. C. Church, Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1877, by Rev. Father Smith, Mr. F J WHELAN, of Titusville, Pa., and Miss ELIZA GLENN, only daughter of Hugh Glenn, of this borough.

Auditor's Notice.

ESTHER ORMSBY and LYDIA DOOLITTLE, vs. WILLIAM IRONS } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, No. 123 January T, 1878.

And now Dec. 20, 1877., the Court appoint David Sherrett, as Auditor to distribute the fund arising from Sheriff Sale or real estate of defendant. By the Court.

All parties interested will please take notice, that I will attend to the duties of above appointment at my office in Smethport, on Tuesday, January 29, 1878, at 10 o'clock a m., when and where all persons are required to produce and substantiate their claims.

DAVID SHERRETT, Auditor.

16-20 4t.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF McKean County, Pa. No. 185 Dec. T. 1877.

ACTION IN PARTITION.

John H. Dingman and James O'Neil vs. Burdett Chandler, with Henry N. Howell, and Lucius Cafferty, and Lee M. Cafferty, Administrators, and Caroline A. Cafferty, Lucius M. Cafferty, and Lee M. Cafferty, widow and heirs at law of C. M. Cafferty, deceased, terre tenants.

NOTICE is hereby given to the above named parties, that, by virtue of a writ of *Partitione facienda* issued in above case and to me directed, and bearing test the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1878, an inquest will be held and taken upon the premises in said writ mentioned and described, on Friday, the eighth day of February, A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and continuing until completed, for the purpose of making partition or valuation and appraisement of said premises, as in and by said writ I am directed and required at which time and place said parties can attend if they think proper.

C. S. KING, Sh'ff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Jan'y. 2, 1878.

1-3-4t

Notice.

IN Re Petition of C. V. R. Barse to perpetuate testimony in the title of Warrant No. 4048, Otto Township, McKean Co. Pa.

And now December 18, 1877, on the Petition of Claudius V. B. Barse representing that he is the owner of a tract of land situated in Otto Township, McKean Co. Pennsylvania, known and described as Warrant No. 4048, by deed from John S. Belknap and wife, dated August 21, 1861, (excepting therefrom fifty acres reserved in said deed,) and that the title of said Belknap, is derived by deed from Thanos W. Dean, now deceased made in the month of September or October A.D. 1864; that said last mentioned deed has never been recorded and that the same is lost or destroyed and cannot now be found, a Rule is granted returnable the 26th day of February next, on Orsina D. Wallace, Thanos W. Dean, Lucy D. Atwood and Mary Elizabeth Hill, children and heirs of said Thanos W. Dean deceased, and on Albert Parker, Agnes T. Glazier and Hannah C. Smith vendees of the said heirs, and all other persons interested in the title to said premises, to make their answer under oath at the Court House in Smethport, on the said 26th day of February, next, and to show cause why commissioners should issue for the examination of witnesses in perpetuam re memoriam for the proof of matters contained in the said petition.

And it appearing that all the parties herein reside out of this state, the Court order and direct that service of this Rule and notice be made by publishing a copy of the same together with this order, for three weeks before the return day thereof in the McKEAN COUNTY MINER at Smethport, in said county.

By the Court.

MCKEAN COUNTY ss: I, C. K. Sartwell, Prothonotary of said County, do certify the foregoing to be a true copy of Rule and order of notice granted and ordained on the 26th day of December 1877, by the Court, in this case.

Witness my hand and seal of office this 28th day of December 1877.

[L. S.] C. K. SARTWELL, Prothonotary.
per JNO. R. CHADWICK, Deputy.
16-19 6t

M. A. SPRAGUE,

—DEALER IN—

HARDWARE

STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

THE FOLLOWING LIST COMPRISES SOME OF THE MANY ARTICLES CONSTANTLY ON HAND:—

Adzes, Axes, Augers, Auger Bits, Awls, Axle Clips, Axle Grease, Apple Parers, Barndoor Hinges, Barndoor Rails, Barndoor Rollers, Base Knobs, Bath Brick, Bed Castors, Bell Cords, Beef Pounders, Bells, Bench Hooks, Bench Screws, Bevels, Bits, Blacking, Blind Butts, Blind Staples, Bolts of all kinds, Bootjacks, Borax, Boring Machines, Brushes, Buckets, Bull Rings, Butts of all kinds, Candlesticks, Cake Turners, Calipers, Caps, Percussion, Carpet Stretchers, Cartridges, Castors, Catches,

Cattle Leaders, Chains of all kinds, Chalk Lines, Chalk, Crayons, Chisels of all kinds, Clamps, Cleavers, Clothes Lines, Clothes Wringers, Coal Hods, Coffee Mills, Corn Cutters, Corn Poppers, Crowbars, Currycombs, Curtain Pins, Cutlery, Dippers, Dividers, Dog Collars, Draw Shaves, Egg Beaters, Expansive Bits, Faucets, Fallow Plates, Files, Fluting Machines, Forks of all kinds, Freezers, Fry Pans, Gate Hinges, Gauges, Gimlets, Glazier's Point, Glue, Glue Pots, Grain Sickles, Gridirons, Gunpowder,

Grindstones, Gun Nipples, Hammers, Hand Vises, Handles of all kinds, Hasps and Staples, Hatchets, Hay Knives, Hinges of all kinds, H

An Artist Without Arms.

Cesar Ducorent was born in Lille, France, January 18, 1806. Born as he was without arms, what was he to do, even in this busy world? Each foot had only four toes, but he early learned to use these to advantage. When very young he could with ease throw a ball, cut with a knife, and draw lines on the floor with chalk, and could even cut figures on paper with his mother's scissors. He early became a good penman. From this he passed to drawing, and naturally enough to painting, the wide space between his great toe and the next enabling him to grasp his brush firmly. At the age of thirteen his progress astonished Watteau, professor at the School of Design, Lille, who received him as a pupil. Only three years later he took the first prize for a drawing of the human figure from nature. After this he pursued his studies in Paris. He was of a lively temperament, and when in conversation he became animated, was in the habit of gesticulating with his legs as others do with their arms.

Some one has described a visit to his painting room, which is interesting:

Across the whole extent of the canvas ran, with incredible agility, like a fly upon the wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head, with expansive brow and eyes of fire; and wherever the apparition passed along the canvas he left the traces of color behind him. On approaching a few paces nearer, we were aware of a lofty but slender scaffolding in front of the canvas, up and down and across the steps and stages of which climbed, and crouched, and twisted—it is impossible to describe how—the shapeless being we had come to see. We saw then that he was deprived of arms, that he had no thighs, that his short legs were closely united to his body, and that each of his feet wanted a toe. By one of his feet he held a palette, by the other a pencil; in his mouth also he carried a second brush and a second pencil. And in all this harness he moved, and rolled, and writhed, and painted in a manner more than marvelous! A voice, musical, grave and sonorous, saluting us by name, invited us to be seated. Then the apparition glided down the whole length of the scaffold to the ground, and advanced, or rather rolled toward us, and with a bound established himself on the sofa at our side.

We watched him with interest, and had a long conversation with him. He told us he had been born without arms, and had been a painter ten years, and was now making money by his art. He used his feet with almost as much ease as people do their hands. He wrote his name with great rapidity, and well, and told us he shaved himself.

An Eccentric Wisconsin Man.

The Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel* says: Capt. William Plocker, of Brandon, is a peculiar man—quite peculiar. He was educated for a banker, but never adopted the profession. Thirty years ago he located in the town of Metomen, Fon du Lac county, having purchased a large tract of land. Previous to that he had spent some years as a steamboat official on the western lakes. His was one of the best managed farms in Metomen, yet he found ample time to do an immense amount of reading. His library is one of the largest in the county, embracing many of the choicest works, and every one of the thousands of books has been read and reread by the captain. He is well posted on any subject, almost, that may be named. At times when thinking or reading he is oblivious to everything about him. In his early days, his farm-house, near Fairwater, was converted into a public house, with himself as proprietor. While the captain was in one of his brownest of brown studies, a traveler stepped in and asked if he could get accommodations. There was no answer. A second, third and fourth time the question was propounded, with a like result. By that time the would-be patron's patience had departed, and he gave the captain a slap on the cheek which sent him whirling to the floor. Imagine the surprise of that traveler when Plocker gathered himself up, re-occupied his chair, and proceeded with his thinking, without 'as much as a "thank you." On one occasion, when the hired man was away, the captain had ten cows to milk. It took him until nearly midnight, and when the task was completed he deliberately poured the eight pailsful of milk into the swill barrel, detecting the mistake just as the last pail was drained. One day, at Brandon, he went to the house of a friend when the house was full of visitors. Going to the library he picked up a book and returned to the parlor, filled with happy guests, stretched himself at full length on the lounge, read an hour or more, and then, without having said a word or looked at a person, took his departure. After serving his district in the Assembly in 1875, he sold his farm for $12,000, visited the old country, and is now a resident of Brandon, whose people talk of making him their first village president.

Russian Battle Songs.

The Russian battle songs are mostly mournful. The inspiration of music, the means of gain, the hope of glory, the intoxication of woman's love cannot wipe from the mind of the Slav the ever-present possibility of a painful death, in the midst of his dying friends, rolling in anguish on a bloody field, where the last sight of his eyes is his flaming home, the last sound in his ears the cries of his wife and family abandoned amid its ruins. If they weep not for the loss of hair, of home, of parents, or of sweethearts, they may still weep for the loss of an emperor.

"By the tomb of the Emperor
* * * * *
A young sergeant prayed to God,
Weeping the while, as a river flows,
For the recent death of the emperor,
The Emperor Peter the First.
And thus amid his sobs he spake:

'Split asunder, O damp mother Earth;
On all four sides
Open, ye coffin planks;
Unroll, O brocade of gold;
And do thou arise, awake, Gosundar,' &c.

The present Russian army is said to be very sonally supplied with bands, and the men march to the sound of music and words of their own composition. Apropos of Russian war songs, a witty American once said that when a man had been compelled to listen to a Russian melody he would certainly be exceedingly anxiously to fight somebody, even if he had to walk a thousand miles to find him.—*London Society.*

A man in St. Louis has brought a suit to recover $6.50 from a merchant from whom some striped stockings were purchased last year, which were worn by plaintiff's child, and from the effect of which, it is alleged, she was poisoned and died.

The Law of Libel.

In a Pennsylvania charge to a jury in a recent case of alleged libel—that of McClure, of Philadelphia, Judge Allison, presiding—the court used the following language, bearing upon the latitude allowed the press in dealing with persons who are standing in a public relation to the community. He said:

"A man who invites public attention to himself puts himself in the same category as one who stands before the public in a public capacity; just the same as would apply to a preacher or any other person who puts himself prominently before the people. Any man so inviting public attention to himself pretending to act for the public, directly or indirectly, places himself in the same category with one who stands clothed with the attributes of official position. You can readily see the reasons why there is this extension of the privilege of the press beyond those who are standing in the relation of public officers to the community; those who assume to act in a public capacity draw public attention and put themselves in a relation to the community that a private citizen does not; and though subject to fair report and criticism, yet those who speak of them should be held only to an abuse of the privilege which they are entitled to enjoy under this clause."

Another point in the same case, also employed, is the responsibility of persons suing for libel for all damages resulting. The effect of libel suits on the sued were carefully noted, and the point pressed that if due cause of grievance was not made perfectly clear in the case, the complainant could be held to rigid responsibility. This was given as a proper protection of the press against petty prosecutions, thus recognizing the high position of the press as a public censor, and its high protection in accordance with its high prerogative. In this connection, the observation is warranted that the total amounts gained in suits for libel and slander by the complainants, do not amount to twenty-five per cent. of the amounts received from counter actions where persons sued have, in turn, compelled their accusers to make good their complaints.—*Toledo (O.) Journal.*

A Wild Man of the Mountains.

A gentleman who resides near Fairview, Watauga county, says the Statesville (N. C.) *Landmark*, writes us that, in company with several gentlemen, he went out prospecting in a portion of the Globe Valley. While in the heart of the valley, some miles from any place of habitation, their attention was attracted toward a peculiar specimen of humanity, some forty yards distant. They neared the object, or giant as he seemed, until they came within twenty step of him. Then they stopped still, to advise with each other as to whether they should go nearer. While they were consulting, one of the gentlemen gave a yell and jumped toward the wild man, when he started toward the party a few steps, stopped still and began to pound himself in the breast with his ponderous fists. There he stood for two minutes, evincing no power of speech. Suddenly he turned and bounded off with the speed of a deer. The party then repaired to the house of one of the men, secured a gun, pistol and other articles of warfare, and went in pursuit of this strange being. They searched the balance of the day, but nothing could be seen of the object of their pursuit. During the search they ascended the crags of Blowing Rock and discovered a small cave, in which was found a bed of leaves and many bones, resembling those of the opossum. It is supposed this cave has afforded this wild man a home for many years. Our correspondent describes the wild man as being about six feet five inches tall, with broad shoulders and long sprish arms; smooth face and funnel-shaped head. His body is covered with dark brown hair, near two inches long. His head and a greater portion of his forehead is covered with long, luxuriant, dark red tresses. Our correspondent affirms that this is the first time this wild man has ever been seen or heard of in the neighborhood.

A Chinese Farm.

A correspondent of a California paper writes from China: We passed through groves of feathery bamboo nodding lazily in the breeze, fields of wheat, sweet potatoes, rice and tobacco, all looking well, according to the native estimate of crops, but compared to those of California wretchedly sparse. This must be accounted for in this wise: Land is never permitted to lie fallow; year after year it must yield one crop, oftener two, being sown to wheat in the fall, and, if properly irrigated, planted with rice in the late spring. Grain is seldom sown broadcast, but in furrows, and trodden in. Succession of crops is neither practiced nor understood. They fully appreciate the value of manure, nothing with any pretense to value as a fertilizer being wasted, and hundreds gain a livelihood in the collection and sale of exploded firecrackers, hair from barbers's stalls, street sweepings, soot, mud from the creeks, dead animals and refuse of all kinds. Every field has several large earthenware vats filled with liquid manure, with which to sprinkle the growing plants, but in spite of all this the land is exhausted by constant use, and scanty crops are but the natural result. Yet it all looked bright and smiling in the cool September morn, and we fancied even the people looked less sullen than usual, at sight of the "foreign fiend" passing by; and so we went on toward the densely settled districts, passing here a mass of ruins, and there a temple, until, almost before we knew it, we were tossed into the busy human flood, to take our chances with the crowd.

A Remarkable Pair of Scissors.

The Kingston (N. Y.) *Freeman* prints the following: Mrs. W. B. Finch, in the upper part of the city, has a pair of scissors of a most remarkable quality. She has owned them for twenty-six years, during which time they have been used almost continuously, and have kept their edge without being once sharpened. For fifteen years they have been used for cutting garments for the use of the Dorcas Society, and during the late war were kept constantly at work cutting clothing to be made for the sanitary commission. The scissors still have a keen, sharp edge, and that they have kept it for so many years, having done such a large amount of work, is certainly most extraordinary.

Turkish Gypsies.

A war correspondent thus describes a band of Turkish gypsies: In the last cart there was a family of Turkish gypsies, the mother as red as an Indian; a girl of perhaps fourteen years, a lithe, slender, dark-eyed creature, as beautiful a type of the true gypsy as ever I saw, and two or three small children. A shock of jet black hair fell over the girl's forehead, and straggled over her shapely neck. She was crying from the cold, hugging herself into the ragged bit of blue cloth, and trying to cover her feet with the hay that fell over the end of the cart.

Officers led the shivering children and my gypsy beauty into a house and gave them tea to drink, and silver money to warm their palms, and there were now plenty of tears of joy and gratitude shed. Soldiers showered on the party a share of their rations, corn was piled in the carts, and they creaked away.

One of the women sat apart from the rest during the halt, and she took no part in the feast, so I had almost forgotten her. She sat unmoved with the soldiers and horses all around her, then when the others ate she threw herself flat on the ground and sobbed. She had taken a revolver and shot a Russian sergeant dead in the streets of Vraca after the town was occupied and quiet, and for this she] sat apart, for the other women pointed at her as a murderess. One of them corroborated the testimony of the escort with a great deal of feeling, and said that the woman was mad. At all events no harm had come to her for the diabolical deed she had committed, and the comrades of the murdered soldier were giving her food and every care with a good nature that is difficult to conceive, and almost too much to believe.

Popular Dress Material.

The material called neigeuse has become so popular that all woolen stuffs are made to represent this appearance; all are speckled, flaked and dotted with soft wool or floss silk. The cloth—vigogne—which is so much used for palotots, mantles and jackets, is in great favor, is soft, warm and light, and, being inexpensive, will probably be much in request for costumes.

Thibet cloth, thicker than vigogne, is of finer texture and sprinkled all over with long hairs. Real Thibet cloth is a very expensive and handsome material; but there are many imitations in different qualities and at different prices.

The material called mouse and bourette are very similar to the neigeuse, in fact, they seem to be only different names for the same thing. The trimming most suitable to this material is either velvet or plush in plain bands, but for cashmere or plain cloths a number of fancy galloons, etc., are employed with very great effect. Another style of trimming, which may be had ready made and which is very effective, is a border embroidered of colored floss silk over a strip of cloth of the same shade as the dress. Shades of moss green are the most fashionable for this embroidery.

As for the styles the dressmakers have modified many of those which have been in fashion during the past few months; however, the long polonaise is still considered very useful for ordin wear, and the costume with gilet, for more special occasions, as well as on the blouse and plastron of various kinds, which latter are surely, if slowly, coming into fashion.—*New York Herald.*

Six Children Arraigned for Murder.

A recent issue of the *Register*, of Columbia, S. C., says: One of the strangest spectacles ever witnessed in a judicial tribunal was seen in the supreme court of South Carolina yesterday. Six children charged with murder were brought before the supreme judges upon a habeas corpus. There were four boys and two girls, aged between nine and twelve years. These children are from Edgefield, and their counsel succeeded in obtaining bail for them in the sum of $3,000.

The alleged murder took place under the following circumstances: In the vicinity of Ridge Spring, in Edgefield county, lives a Mr. Fallow, father of four and guardian of the other two children. These six children were picking cotton in a field adjacent to his house, when a negro boy, about sixteen or eighteen years old, who had been warned not to come on the premises, made his appearance among them, and began to maltreat and abuse them. A fight ensued, in which the children succeeded in prostrating the negro, and one of them struck him with a stone in the temple. The negro boy was seriously injured, and died in seven days. On Saturday last the six white children were carried to jail. They had maintained an unconscious demeanor from the outset. No one would suspect that they were accused of murder.

Persian Stoves.

I've just heard of the queer way the Persians have of keeping themselves warm in their houses during cold weather. They place in the middle of the room a pan of burning charcoal under a sort of table or frame which holds up a large wadded quilt that reaches the floor on all sides, like a tent. This must look almost like keeping the fire warm. Then the family sit around the droll stove, with their legs and arms under the quilt; and when they wish to go to sleep, they put themselves half under the quilt, and so keep nice and warm until the morning. That's easy enough for Persians to do, because, as I'm told, they never undress at night but just roll themselves in coverings and lie down anywhere.

Perhaps you would not find such arrangements in your homes quite as comfortable as soft beds and cozy blankets in well-warmed rooms. However, the Persian winter is not as cold as ours, I suppose.—*St. Nicholas Magazine.*

The Result of Wrestling.

A fatal and most distressing accident occurred in Berryhill township, N. C., recently. Benjamin and Robert Price, sons of John J. Price, Esq., the former about twenty years of age and the latter about eighteen, were engaged in a wrestle, when Benjamin threw his brother and fell on him. At first the younger brother experienced no pain or inconvenience from the fall, but subsequently he discovered that he had lost the use of his arm, and then began to feel himself growing weaker. He kept on sinking for a short time, when he died. An examination showed that he had burst an artery in the lower part of his neck, and had bled to death internally.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

Workmen were employed all night searching for dead bodies among the ruins of the candy factory in New York, and two corpses were recovered. The explosion did not result in such a disastrous loss of life as was at first supposed. Besides the two bodies taken from the ruins about forty persons were wounded more or less severely, and several were still missing. Investigation showed that the explosion did not originate in the bursting of the boiler, but was caused in some other way.

John Van Dyke was hanged at Coxton, New York, for shooting his wife last spring, after having been married to her one week.

A reception was given to President Hayes by the Union League Club of New York. About five thousand persons were present, among them being Mrs. Hayes, Peter Cooper, Hon. William M. Evarts, Attorney-General Devens and others.

P. & N. Copeland & Co.'s shoe factory in South Braintree, Mass., was burned, together with contents. Loss, about $50,000; partially insured.

President Hayes and wife assisted at the opening of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Speeches were made by President Eliot, of Harvard College, Professor O. C. Marsh and others, and the museum was formally opened by President Hayes. In the evening the President attended the seventy-second annual dinner of the New England Society and responded to the toast, "The President of the United States."

Owen Murphy, president of the New York board of excise, twice a member of the assembly, absconded with nearly $50,000 belonging to the excise board. He had been expected at a meeting of the board, and when he failed to put in an appearance his colleagues made an investigation, which resulted in discovering that he had drawn from the bank a large sum of public money under his care, besides a large amount of his own funds, and then fled.

Three Wall street (New York) brokers were arrested as members of a gang of counterfeiters engaged in extensive forging of railroad and other bonds, a large amount of which had been put upon the market.

Fires: At Holbrook, Mass., the town house and Winthrop Church were burned and a loss incurred of $75,000, on which there is a partial insurance; at Pottsville, Pa., the planing mill of William Bechley was fired by an incendiary, and damage done to the amount of $25,000, on which there is $12,000 insurance; and at Springfield, Vt., the buildings of the Union Manufacturing Company were destroyed by fire, with a loss of $8,000 and $4,050 insurance.

Herman H. Materne and Francis Dougherty were dangerously, and perhaps fatally, stabbed during an altercation on the corner of Bleecker and Sullivan streets, New York. Charles Crutchet, who was found with a large butcher knife covered with blood up his sleeve, and Thomas Gresman were arrested on the charge of having done the stabbing.

About three hundred of the shoe operators in Lynn, Mass., struck against a contemplated reduction in their wages.

Crimes and casualties: William Powers fractured John Desmond's skull during a scuffle in a saloon in Troy, N. Y., and death followed soon after; at George Slade's farmhouse in Methuen, Mass., a drunken carousal ended by the fatal shooting of Michael Doran, aged twenty-three; James Boyd, a member of the city council, Pittsburgh, Pa., was killed by the fall of a crane in the foundry in which he was foreman; and at Bondout, N. Y., Mrs. Brophy and her little daughter were suffocated during a fire caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

The supreme court of Rhode Island has appointed Charles H. Merriman receiver for the Economical Life Insurance Company, upon suit of the insurance commissioner, who represented that the company was insolvent.

It is authoritatively stated that Owen Murphy New York's absconding excise commissioner, has fled to Canada. His expulsion as a member of Tammany Hall general committee took place a few days after his flight.

At Newark, N. J., the first "National Congress of the Workingmen a Party" met, delegates from all parts of the country being present.

Netter & Co., prominent New York brokers, failed, their liabilities being estimated at between $200,000 and $500,000. After their suspension the members of the firm could not be found.

Chancellor Runyon, of New Jersey, has appointed Thomas L. Ogden receiver for the Delaware and North Shore railroad. The indebtedness of the road is $200,000.

Courtney, the champion oarsman of the United States, has accepted a challenge from Trickett, the Australian oarsman and champion of Great Britain, to row a race on Owasco lake, N. Y., for the championship of the world.

William Springstein and his daughter Catharine, aged sixteen, were arrested in Brooklyn, N. Y., for making and passing counterfeit five and ten cent silver pieces.

Ten men who interfered with mining operations during a strike last August were sentenced in Wilkesbarre, Pa., to various degrees of punishment, from $100 fine to $50 fine and nine months in the county prison.

Western and Southern States.

William T. Hart, of Boston, paid $54,000 for the Maryland and Delaware railroad at the trustees' sale in Easton, Md.

R. H. Norfolk was hanged in Annapolis, Md., for the murder of his wife in May last. The murderer killed his victim in order that he might marry her sister, a girl of sixteen.

Russell R. Peck, a Chicago lumber dealer, has failed, with liabilities amounting to over $65,000.

A fire in Toledo, Ohio, damaged the carpet establishment of Messrs. Buckman & Mallet and several other buildings to the extent of about $80,000; partially insured.

The Tennessee Senate voted to settle the debt of the State with fifty per cent. bonds, at four, five and six per cent. interest.

A dispatch from San Francisco states that a body of 130 Indians encamped near Janos, Sonora, were attacked by white troops, who were routed with a loss of twenty-seven killed and a number wounded. The Indians followed up their victory by stripping the surrounding country of live stock.

Detective William C. Pride, of Memphis, Tenn., while half asleep imagined he heard a burglar at his window. He caught up a pistol from under his pillow and attempted to cock it, when the weapon was discharged, causing the speedy death of his wife and child of five months.

The failure of Tolle, Holton & Co., wholesale dry goods dealers of Cincinnati, Ohio, has taken place, their liabilities being placed at over $100,000.

A party of Indians, who killed a mail carrier in Arizona recently, were pursued for several days by a detachment of the sixth cavalry. After a hot chase of five days the marauders were surprised, their camp was destroyed, fifteen Indians were left dead on the ground, although more were killed, and the mail was recaptured.

A collision took place between an express and a freight train one mile from Cheyenne, Wy. T., and the engineer and fireman of the latter were killed.

Colonel William Randolph Berkeley was sitting in his office at Farmville, Va., conversing with a gentleman, when a knock was heard at the door, and as he arose to open it two shots were fired at him, causing wounds from the effects of which he died in half an hour. The assassin, Captain W. H. Kennedy, a hotel proprietor, then shot himself in the head, inflicting a wound which caused death the same evening. Colonel Berkeley was a prominent Virginian, one of the leaders of the Conservative party in the State, and had been favorably spoken of as gubernatorial candidate.

From Washington.

The House sub-committee on Mexican border affairs have been taking testimony as a basis for future operations.

The treasury department reports the appearance of a new counterfeit five dollar note on the First National Bank of Hanover, Pa. The paper is thin and the colors dark.

For the purpose of obtaining an additional safeguard against the fraudulent practice of "washing" canceled postage stamps, the postmaster-general has directed specimen stamps of the one, two and three cent denominations to be prepared with inclosed borders of white around the rest of the designs.

Under the head of "vacancies" the following notice has been posted in the treasury department: "Persons honorably discharged from the military or naval service, by reason of disability or sickness incurred in the line of duty, shall be preferred to appointment for civil office, provided they are found to possess the business capacity necessary for the proper discharge of the duties of such office."

The report of the commission appointed to investigate the business of the bureau of statistics, in charge of Edward Young, states that "Dr. Young has used his own time and that of his office in the preparation of reports not called for by law, thereby in some degree hindering the other and regular work of the office; that he caused two or three reports to be stereotyped, with the purpose of ordering copies of them to be printed for private purposes; that he suggested and encouraged the issue of private editions of them with the design of benefitting his son; and that he distributed copies of them by mail, using official postage stamps for that purpose."

Foreign News.

It is stated that Turkey will call for 300,000 fresh troops.

All prosecutions of the press in France instituted since May 16, have been abandoned.

General Grant arrived at Palermo, Sicily, on the United States steamer Vandalia.

Mr. Walsh was introduced to the queen of England by the Earl of Derby, and presented his credentials as United States minister.

Great distress prevails among the poor of Constantinople.

About one hundred Cuban insurgents surrendered recently to the Spanish authorities.

At Tuskethales, N. S., Mrs. Hatfield, her two daughters of ten and six years and her son of nine years, were all drowned by falling through the ice.

The Russians have completely invested Erzeroum in Asia Minor.

The Servians have occupied Leskovatz and Kurshumlje and captured a quantity of cattle and provisions. A Russian official dispatch says that Turkish prisoners from Plevna are dying of cold, and that it is impossible to afford them any relief.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist at Ottawa, Ontario, was totally destroyed by fire.

A Russian dispatch states that the steamer Rusland captured the Turkish transport Messina, with seven hundred prisoners, and had arrived at Sebastopol with her prize.

Some Old Proverbs.

An exchange says: A correspondent asks for the authorship of the old proverb, "He smiles like a basket of chips." It is traceable to a very old date in Shropshire, England, where it was used to describe an unaffected good temper. A quaint old writer quotes it with the added words that explain it: "He smiles like a basket of chips—*i. e.*, of habit and unconsciously."

A lady wishes us to give the origin of the phrase, "He cannot say 'bo (or boo) to a goose.'" There have been many attempts to trace this old proverb. One self-satisfied writer accounts for it by a verse from Burns; but the proverb is more than a century older than the poet. Another traces it to an incident related of Lord Kilmarnock and his son Lord Boyd, who were riding together when they met a poor simpleton, who it was believed had no common sense, but a great knack at rhymes. By previous concert, just as they passed him, one on either side, they each leaned toward him and cried out "Boo!" The supposed simpleton instantly replied:

"There's Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Boyd,
Of manners both are void;
Just like bulls among the kye,
They 'boo' at ilk ane that gangs bye."

It is easy to see from the story itself that this but explains the common use and not the origin of the expression, since the monosyllable that was uttered to startle the swain was already familiar to their lips.

In Dr. Johnson's earliest dictionary was an allusion to "Bo" (on the authority of Temple) as an old northern captain or freebooter, so famous in his line that his name was used to terrify the enemy in a charge, and in latter years to scare children. It is the bugaboo of the nursery. A man of little force has not sufficient energy to cry "Boo" even to a goose.

Osman after Plevna.

A correspondent at Plevna telegraphed concerning Osman Pasha's reception by the Russians: The Grand Duke Nicholas rode up to Osman's carriage, and for some seconds the two chiefs gazed into each other's faces without the utterance of a word. Then the grand duke stretched out his hand, shook the hand of Osman Pasha heartily, and said: "I compliment you on your defense of Plevna. It is one of the most splendid military feats in history." Osman smiled sadly; rose painfully to his feet in spite of his wound, and said something which I could not hear. He then reseated himself. The Russian officers all cried "Bravo! bravo!" repeatedly, and all saluted respectfully. There was not one among them who did not gaze on the hero of Plevna with the gravest admiration and sympathy.

Prince Charles, of Roumania, who had arrived, rode up and repeated unwittingly almost every word of the grand duke, and shook hands with Osman, who again rose and bowed this time in grim silence. He wore a loose blue cloak, with no apparent mark on it to designate his rank, and a red fez. He is a large, strongly-built man. The lower part of his face is covered with a short, black beard without a streak of gray, and he has a large Roman nose and black eyes.

"It is a grand face," exclaimed Col. Gaillard, the French military attache. "I was almost afraid of seeing him lest my expectation should be disappointed, but he more than fulfills my ideal. It is the face of a great military chieftain." Said young Skobeleff: "I am glad to have seen him. Osman Ghazi he is, and Osman the victorious he will remain, in spite of his surrender."

An Official's Experiences.

The Sacramento (Cal.) *Union* tells this story: A day or two ago a peace officer of Yolo county, who resides not a thousand miles from Davisville, came to Sacramento on a matter of business. Early next morning, to pass time away, he walked to the depot to witness the departure of the trains. From the depot he went out upon the wharf near the foot of J street to take a look at the river. North of J street the wharf is in a rather dilapidated condition, and it so happened that the gentleman from Yolo put his foot upon a plank which gave way beneath his weight, and down he went into the horrid mess of soft mud and slush beneath. How far he would have sunk he has no idea, but about two feet beneath the surface he lit astride of a log, which was lying pointed out into the stream, and the force of his fall was such that he slid along this friendly support, like a boat being launched from the ways, finally being brought to a stop by collision with an upright pile. He said that his fall put him in mind of the experience he had when a small boy. Men were engaged in shingling a barn, and he and other youths went up to see how they were getting along. He got tired and sat down on a loose shingle. A moment later the shingle commenced sliding down the roof, every second going faster and faster, and before he could say "Jack Robinson" he had been shot off the main building down upon the roof of an addition, and from that down upon the back of an old bull."

After a Little Squall.—He waltzed out of the front door, followed by a washboard and two bars of soap; and as he straightened himself and walked firmly down the street, he remarked: "A man must draw a line somewhere, or he can't be boss of the house; and I'll be hanged if I'll pump more than one tub of water for no washing, and there ain't a woman can make me do it unless she looks me in."

The flesh and skin of several kinds of serpents are employed in China as medicine, care being taken to cut off the head and tail.

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An Open Letter. It Speaks for Itself.
Rockport, Mass., April 23, 1877.

Mr. Editor: Having read in your paper reports of the remarkable cures of catarrh, I am induced to tell "what I know about catarrh," and I fancy the "snuff," and "inhaling tube" makers (mere dollar grabbers) would be glad if they could ambalmon a similar cure in the papers. For 26 years I suffered with catarrh. The nasal passages became completely closed. "Snuff," "dust," "ashes," "inhaling-tubes," and "sticks," wouldn't work, though at intervals I would sniff up the so-called catarrh snuff, until I became a valuable tester for such medicines. I gradually grew worse, and no one can know how much I suffered or what a miserable being I was. My head ached over my eyes so that I was confined to my bed for many successive days, suffering the most intense pain, which at one time lasted continuously for 168 hours. All sense of smell and taste gone, sight and hearing impaired, body shrunken and weakened, nervous system shattered, and constitution broken, and I was hawking and spitting seven-eighths of the time. I prayed for death to relieve me of my suffering. A favorable notice in your paper of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy induced me to purchase a package, and use it with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, which applies the remedy by hydrostatic pressure, the only way compatible with common sense. Well, Mr. Editor, it did not cure me in three-fourths of a second, nor in one hour or month, but in less than eight minutes I was relieved, and in three months entirely cured, and have remained so for over sixteen months. While using the Catarrh Remedy, I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify my blood and strengthen my stomach. I also kept my liver active and bowels regular by the use of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets. If my experience will induce other sufferers to seek the same means of relief, this letter will have answered its purpose.

Yours truly,
S. D. Rennick.

Regular Secretion Essential to Health.
The regular secretion and flow of the gastric juices, and of the bile which the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters promotes, are effects, which conduce materially to the restoration of health, when the system is disordered. Food is not digested in the dyspeptic stomach because the gastric fluid is deficient, superabundant or vitiated; the liver becomes congested and the bowels constipated because the supply of bile is inadequate or misdirected. The Bitters rectifies all this, and removes every ill consequence of non-assimilation and bilious irregularity. Furthermore, it stimulates the action of the kidneys, by which impurities are, so to speak, strained from the blood, and any tendency in the urinary organs to grow sluggish and disordered is counteracted. Whether it be used as a means of regulating gastric or bilious secretion, and relieving the overloaded bowels, or to promote complete and therefore healthful, urination, Hostetter's Bitters may be relied upon with confidence to accomplish the end in view.

Gleason's Publications.
Great reduction in price for 1878 of *Gleason's Pictorial* to $2 a year. Single copies five cents.
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Wives Know That the Brow of Care
Is often soothed by a delicious supper, to which perfect bread, rolls, biscuits, etc., are so important. To have these delicious products of baking always reliable, the use of Dooley's Yeast Powder is very important. This article is among the most valuable of the day in its bearing on health. It is put up in cans always full in weight.

The propriety of giving condition medicine to horses, cattle and sheep was discussed and admitted by many of the agricultural societies throughout the State last fall, and we believe that in every case but one they decided in favor of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders. Good judgment.

Frank Leslie, Esq., of the "Illustrated Weekly," says: "For some time past I have been using your Cocoaine, and think it far preferable to anything I have ever used for the hair."

Dieuriuria.—This awful disease is raging again this winter, and is almost sure death if neglected but for a single day. If taken in season Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure nine cases out of ten. No family should be without it a moment.

I Never Felt Better.
Such is the verdict after taking a dose of Quirk's Irish Tea. Sold in packages at 25 cents.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle—Native		6 @ 8½
Texas and Cherokee		4 @ 6½
Milch Cows	40 @	50 @ 60
Hogs—Live		05 @ 05¾
Dressed		05¾ @ 06¾
Sheep		04¾ @ 05¾
Lambs		05¾ @ 06
Cotton—Middling		11¼ @ 11¾
Flour—Western—Good to Choice	5 70 @	6 80
State—Good to Choice	6 75 @	7 35
Buckwheat, per cwt	3 60 @	3 70
Wheat—Red Western	1 47 @	1 50
No. 2 Milwaukee	1 36¼ @	1 44
Rye—State	75 @	77
Barley—State	77 @	78
Barley Malt	68 @	70
Buckwheat	40 @	41
Oats—Mixed Western	38½ @	42½
Oats—White Western	40 @	50
Oats—Mixed Western	38½ @	42½
Hay, per cwt	45 @	80
Straw, per cwt	45 @	80
Hops	11 @	14
Pork—Mess	(68¾ @	08¾
Lard—City Steam	07 @	07¼
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new	18 00 @	20 00
No. 2, new	11 00 @	14 00
Dry Cod, per cwt	3 00 @	4 00
Herring, Scaled, per box	20 @	22
Petroleum—Crude	09¾ @ 10¾	Refined 13¾
Wool—California Fleece	20 @	25
Texas	30 @	41
Australian	44 @	53
State XX	43 @	44
Butter—Fresh	2 @	35
Western—Choice	20 @	21
Western—Good to Prime	0 @	0
Western—Firkins	12 @	18
Cheese—State Factory	13 @	13
State Skimmed	10 @	11
Western	09 @	10½
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania	32 @	35

BUFFALO.

Flour	6 25 @	7 40
Wheat—No. 2 Milwaukee	1 21 @	1 3
Corn—Mixed	50 @	51
Oats	31 @	33
Rye	78 @	80
Barley	83 @	88
Barley Malt	80 @	82

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef Cattle—Extra	06 @	06¾
Sheep	05 @	05¾
Hogs—Dressed	06 @	06¾
Flour—Pennsylvania Extra	6 65 @	6 90
Wheat—Red Western	1 46 @	1 51
Rye	65 @	67
Corn—Yellow	60 @	61
Mixed	60 @	61
Oats—Mixed	33 @	34
Petroleum—Crude	09¾ @ 09¾	Refined 13¾
Wool—Colorado	22 @	32
Texas	22 @	32
California	31 @	49

BOSTON.

Beef Cattle	05 @	06¾
Sheep	05¾ @	07¾
Lambs	07 @	10¾
Hogs	07¾ @	08

WATERTOWN, MASS.

Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice	5 80 @	7 50
Sheep	7 00 @	7 75
Lambs	7 00 @	9 00

Books Old & New wanted and sold. Immense Catalogue. *American Book Exchange*, 55 Beekman St., N.Y.

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